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THE SOUTH.

Growing Worse or Better—Which?

A SERIES OF LETTERS.

Special Correspondence of The Freeman.

An alarmist is a dangerous and hurtful individual if his alarms are false. There is no doubt that more men, women and children have been crushed to death by the mad rush of engines under a false alarm than otherwise, and yet they are not near so frequent. By this I mean to draw an illustration on the fears, hopes and anxieties occasioned by the false alarmists in general and in some cases the deplorable consequences that follow.

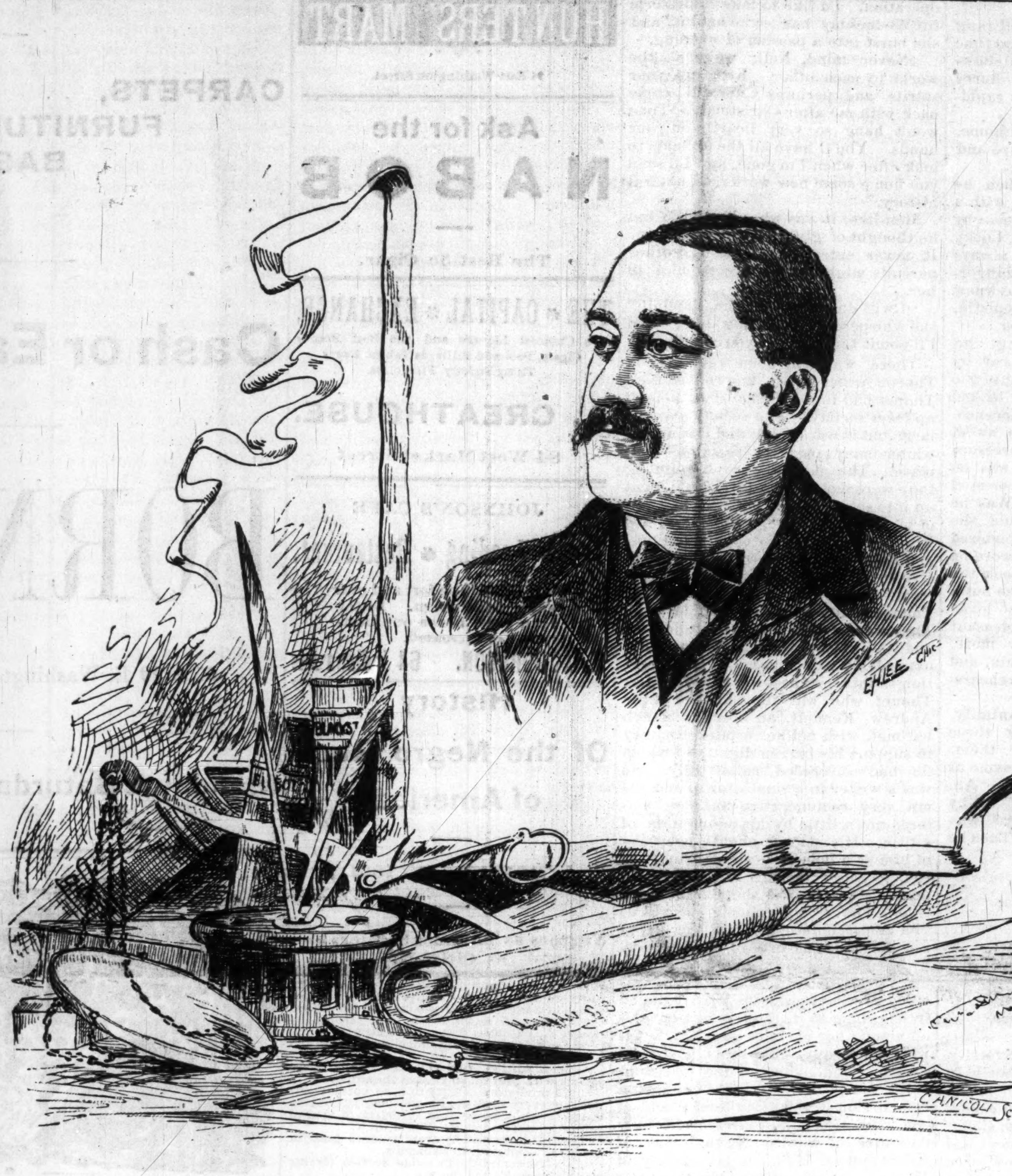
I was in the South at the time of Mr. Douglass' late Emancipation address, and I doubt if any man in any age of the Nation's history was more loudly applauded than he was by the whites there for his utterances. And yet only a few years previous the Governor of Virginia had a standing price on Mr. Douglass' head, and like Herodotus the slave hunters danced before the throne of public sentiment, and demanded it to be brought in on the charges of official clamor, Why, this somersault turned by the Southern press the day after Mr. Douglass' Metropolitan Church speech! Simply because Frederick Douglass had somersaulted himself and could only discover ruin and despair to the Negro race if left to itself. I don't want any discussion on this point—it is needless. Mr. Douglass is neither assailed nor praised by these passing words, but I use his name and mention the speech to show that he sounded a false alarm and that alarm has seriously crippled the Negro wherever the Negro is the special object of concern as he is at the South.

The cyclonic head lines of the entire Southern press announced that "Fred Douglass is right." "Now let the darkies see what their leader says." "The Negro may as well take Fred Douglass' word for it and remain where God intended him to be, the white man's inferior." Other praised Mr. Douglass at the expenses of the learned and able colored men of the country, while every X—Road patent back bourbon weekly gloried inthe fact that "one darkey at least knows his place."

The utterances of Mr. Douglass were twisted into shape to quiet the white man's position toward the colored man everywhere at the South and the alarm sounded by him will be found to operate against the Afro-American. Let me show you exactly what I mean by stating what I know, A colored citizen through a white speculator leased and purchased a lot in Richmond and no sooner had he signified his intention to take possession than his indentity became known and a howl went up from the white neighborhood, and they sought to justify their position by twisting Mr. Douglass admonition to his colored friends to apply their case, while late reports tell of a similar case at Atlanta, only worse because in the latter case the whites threaten to burn him out, if he takes possession. If a colored citizen at the South, and I except no part of it, is charged with criminal or other intimacy with a white woman, he is in great luck to see trial, to say nothing of justice after he does see one. I hold that alarmist, only add fuel to the already hot flamer of Southern prejudice and injustice. The colored people of the South are brave, generous, industrious and on an average more intelligent than those of the North or East, as I know nothing of those in the West I make no comparison. The Northern and Eastern colored people know more about the "mazy waltz," gallop and polka (and poker) and fashionable humbuggery than their Southern brother, but in general and substantial information and the possession of the almighty dollar, the brother "behind the sun" is on top. I say this from what I have seen, and add, by way of observation, that the writer is a typical, smoked Yankee, reared on Providence Plantations (R. I.), and seeks to be unprejudiced. In Virginia, evidences of what I say may be found in every hamlet, village, town and county from the mountains to the ocean. But to one inch of Negro progress and push, there is one rod of white man's opposition and pull. Don't take my word, but read the press dispatches, and send for any issue of the Negro papers of Virginia, principally the Planet, of which John Mitchell is editor, and you will see matters going from bad to worse every day. A white man shoots the life out of a leading, intelligent, upright Negro citizen, as in the case of Edloe, of Williamsburg, and is rewarded with one year in the penitentiary, six months of which he is only allowed to serve and then goes Scot free. The Negroes of Virginia are among the best people God has quickened into life, but among the worst treated that the barbaric hand of cutthroats ever ruled.

BENJAMIN.

TO BE CONTINUED.



HON. WILLIAM COPELAND.

Member of the Ohio Legislature and Assistant Market Master at Cincinnati, O.

A SOUTHERN EDITOR'S

Views—Negro Newspapers are not Supported—Notes.

Pensacola, Fla., Special to The Freeman.

The leading editorial of the "Pensacola Daily News" of the 29 ult., "The Negro at the North and in the South" was just what any one would expect from a white editor of this section of the country. The assertions of the Rev. Mr. Bryant, of Selma, Ala., concerning the race question and race question conflicts, caused this young man to tell all the colored people who are fools enough to take his paper, the love admiration and respect that he has for them.

He admits that the "Negro" has rights that the white man ought to respect. Also it is without warrant to cry "race war" every time a colored man speak in defense of his race. But he seems to approve of the method of running that colored man away from his home and family for the manly stand that he takes in defending the virtuous colored ladies and honorable and upright gentlemen from the unmanly assaults of some members of the "superior race." It further says: It is the North's duty by the "colored man and brother" should be to teach him a recognition of that which is unchangeable, and from the North, so long as the Negroes and whites of the South shall be politically divided, must those lessons come, and that will be ever. The white people of the South, though they will eventually recognize and accord without murmur the rights of the Negro, will never consent if they have the legitimate power of preventing it to Negro office holding. That feeling will constrain the Negro to continue his adherence to the Republican party, and the latter at the North will ever reward their southern allies for their faithfulness."

"The South is Democratic more because of the Negro than any other reason. If under the country's election laws the Democratic party shall triumph, and the white people of the South may be thereby relieved of obnoxious incumbents of federal office well and good." The above and other similar expressions that I could mention is from a paper largely supported by colored people who will pull out the cash and pay for it and will take a race journals after hour begging two or three months and will never pay for it. The colored news agent looses money every week on the majority of our people that will take the paper and never pay for it. He wishes that every one indebted to him for papers settle for the same so as to enable him to continue to supply them the news.

Mr. Elee White, our popular townsman, and a hearty supporter of colored journals was presented with a healthy and bouncing girl by his better half, last week. Mother and babe are doing well, and father smiling from ear to ear. Mr. and Mrs. Collins, with their recent rubust visitor has moved in their handsome residence on Belmont street, It contains a wide and richly furnished hall and several large and airy rooms. They are also substantial supporters of colored newspapers: Messrs. Whitfield Dupont, Samuel Whitfield and other young gentlemen are making preparations for the organization of a military club. They are succeeding nicely.

HONORS TO DR. SHAFFER.

The St. Louis News.

St. Louis, Mo, Special to The Freeman.

J. D. Jefferson has just returned from a pleasant trip through the Southern States. While absent he visited his old home, the historical city of Vicksburg.

St. Paul A. M. E. Church will give a grand entertainment, Tuesday night, in honor of Rev Dr. G. H. Shaffer, who has served the church for four years, his time having expired. He has prepared a fine report of his four years work. All the city ministers, regardless of denomination, have been invited. Ministers from Chicago and other cities are also expected. Some noted Catholic clergymen are also expected. Music and speaking will be the order of the evening.

Rev. M. W. Beckly, of Kansas City, is the man for St. Paul Chapel. We know of his past works.

Dr. George W. Bryant and Captain Charleston H. Tandy are pulling on the right string now. They made it a little hard for Prof. Murray, but the Prof. did not seem to mind them. He took his rough medicine with occasional smiles. The views of the first two named gentlemen should be universally adopted by all colored men who vote, We expect to see something drop if they continue to work those strings as they have begun.

The Freeman can be found at the following places in St. Louis:

A. J. Victor's Barber Shop, 713 North 11th street.

John W. Page, 705 North 11th st.

C. A. Pitman, 2628 Morgan st.

A. Breedlove, 616 North 11th st.

Mrs. Thomas's Restaurant, 2304 Morgan st.

Glenn B. Melton's Restaurant, 707 North 11th st.

Aaron W. Lloyd, 2213 Morgan st., General Agent.

The Freeman will be issued at the above stated places to sub-agents and newsboys at office prices.

FRIENDS OF THE PAST.

For The Freeman.

(A continuation of "The Colored Brothers Lamert.")

Where is now the merry party, I remember long ag ?
Laughing round the campaign meetings, brightened by the prospects glow?
Those who ere elections evening, griped my hand, my heart made gay?
They have all dispersed and wandered far, far away.

Some have gone to foreign mis ions, and with strangers made their home;
Some recline in fat positions, whilst at large I'm forced to roam;
Some have gone from me forever, they forgot election day,
And enjoy the fruits of labor, far away, far away.

There are now some few remaining who remind me of the past,
But they change, as all things changes, after I my vote have cast.
Years roll on and past forever, what is coming, who can say?
Ere another great election they may find me far away.

—B. Squire.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Aug. 18.

HON. WM. COPELAND.

Of Cincinnati, O., Member of the Ohio Legislature.

We present the readers of The Freeman the portrait and a brief biography of Hon. Wm. Copeland, of Cincinnati, O., and the second colored member of the Legislature to be sent from Hamiton county. Owing to his modesty and dislike for newspaper notoriety, we were unable to get as complete a biographv as we desired. Though not a politician in the vulgar sense, he has demonstrated political diplomacy of a very high order and is one of the very few colored men of Hamilton county that can poll the entire party vote. He is a plain, modest man, of easy address, and while he lays no claims to oratory has the knack of saying the right thing at the right time, and in good, vigorous English at that. Another lever in the life of Mr. Copeland is his brilliant and fascinating wife, whose portrait we also give. Mrs. Copeland is a woman of unusual intelligence, full of energy and pluck, and her whole ambition is the success of her husband. With such a helpmeet we do not wonder at Mr. Copeland's good fortune.

He was born in Columbus, O., July 30, 1848. His parents were from two of the oldest families in Lynchburg, Va. Settling in Columbus, four children were born. He lost his father at an early age, and left school at the age of 12 years. He is what may be styled a self-made man. He commenced the battle of life on leaving school, His mother was lost on the ill-fated steamer Magnolia. He was left with two brothers and a sister when quite young. He was employed as messenger in the Quartermaster's department during the war. He was in the employ of the O. & M. Railroad ten years. He was the first colored N. S. guager appointed in the State. Through change of administration he lost his position. In 1887 he was elected to the Legislature, receiving the largest number of votes of any colored man sent from Hamilton county, He is a member of two political clubs, one of the organizers of the Y. M. Blaine club and President of the Ruffin club. He is also a prominent Knight Templar. Mr. Copeland is at present employed as Assistant Market Master, the first and we think only colored man holding the position. His many friends are desirous of him running for the second term, but he has not decided as yet. In fact, so great is his popularity that we are certain honors higher and more substantial await him.

A Zapotec Codex.

It is stated that Mr. Doremberg, a German in Puebla, Mexico, has acquired a Zapotec codex, very ancient. The hieroglyphs are painted on the skin of some wild animal, and beneath each hieroglyph is written in Roman characters its meaning in the Zapotec language. The writing must have been the work of some priest about the year 1550. The hieratic characters are much older. The subject matter of the painting seems to be the many migrations of the ancient race of Zapotec Indians.

What is Written, Stays.

It is said that all the newspapers in Russia are really edited by the Czar. H'm; this probably accounts for the fact that in Russia nobody ever comes charging up-stairs out of breath, bouncing into the office with a big club and demanding the name of the man who wrote a certain article reflecting on the Musical Union or the chairman of the Relief Committee. He's afraid he might have to go all the way to Siberia to find him.—Burdette

Seeing Under Water.

A lens for seeing under water is described by its discoverer as producing an effect which is both astonishing and delightful. It gives distinct vision of objects twenty or thirty feet off, the eye's loss of extended sight when under water being because an entirely different focus is required. The spectacles which provide this can be made by putting two watch-glasses of three-quarters of an inch diameter and an inch radius back to back or with the concavities outward.

RIGHT AND WRONG.

GEORGE M'DONALD.

Alas, how easily things go wrong;
A sigh too much or a kiss too long,
And there follows a mist and weeping rain,
And life is nevhr the same again.

Alas, how hardly things go right;
'Tis hard to watch on a summer night,
For the sigh will come and the kiss will stay
And the summer's night is a winter's day.

And yet how easily things go right,
If the sigh and the kiss of the winter's night
Come deep from the soul in the stronger ray
That is born in the light of the winter's day.

And things can never go badly wrong
If the heart be true and the love be strong;
For the mist, if it comes, and the weeping rain
Will be changed by love into sunshine again.

TOO LATE.

A Story of St. Valentine's Day.

CHAPTER I.

The summer weeks crept lazily away, and still Lyon Leslie lingered in Thorpe, the country town in which the recruiting party to which he belonged was stationed.

Scarcely a day had passed without the pair meeting; but it was only when quite alone that Lyon's manner betrayed the lover. His words, even in his tenderest moods, never betrayed his caution. He had not yet asked the girl he loved to be his wife.

Mrs. Thanet had lately placed more restriction on her daughter's movements; she watched events anxiously.

"The man is trifling with her, John," she said to her husband; "he looks down upon us."

"Nonsense, Mary," rejoined Mr. Thanet, lightly. "He is only Scotch and canny; I like him, and to me at least he has never shown the least 'upishness.' He often comes into my office and smoks a clay with me."

A week later Lyon Leslie left Thorpe, recalled to his regiment, he said; but Nell did not know, nor did her father, of a certain short but pertinent note, sent by Mrs. Thanet the night of the above conversation to the young man's quarters, and which received an answer not much to that lady's satisfaction from one point of view, but very much from the other.

If, the writer said, he had been led beyond discretion in his admiration for Miss Helen Thanet, he would be the sufferer, and he alone, for he was sure the young lady was too young to understand the tender passion; and, when she did, he was certain she would bestow her heart on a far more deserving object than his kind and wise friend's unworthy acquaintance Lyon Leslie.

That was all. A tiny postscript informed Mrs. Thanet that the writer would have to rejoin his regiment in a few days; but he would do himself the pleasure of making his adieu in person.

Mrs. Thanet was a wise woman; she said nothing of the letter or its contents to Nell; but, when Lyon called to say farewell, he found the ladies were not at home.

Nell heard of his approaching departure from Mrs. Hammond, and that not until two days before the event. She said very little; she was not a girl given to many words. Just for the moment she looked stunned: just for the moment her face betrayed her heart.

For two days Nell's cheeks showed not a tinge of color. Her mouth was hard set, and the deep hazel of her eyes glowed with the fire of fierce longing and unrest.

Her mother watched her anxiously; but she made no effort to win her child's confidence.

"Time enough," she said to herself, "when I see how she bears it."

Hoping, yet fearing, to meet the girl he had the heart to treat so callously, Lyon Leslie made a round of farewell calls; but chance did not favor him, and Mrs. Thanet was on her guard. She kept Nell at home busily engaged in preparing her brother Randall's wardrobe for his approaching departure for London, where he was to enter University college as a medical student.

Lyon was to leave by the morning train on Thursday; so Randall, to whom the relations between his sister and the gay young soldier had been a mere flirtation, informed his mother. Towards the evening, Mrs. Thanet desired her daughter to ask at the railway station, which was not far away, for a small parcel which she expected by the late train.

It was a dull misty evening, a melancholy autumn gloaming. Nell got the parcel and was about to leave the place; but, meeting an acquaintance, stopped for a few moments' chat. The moments grew to half an hour. She was recalled to the lapse of time by the arrival of some luggage for the last train to London, and, before she could leave the platform, she came face to face with Lyon Leslie.

Her cheeks were not colorless now, but there was neither flurry nor self-consciousness in her manner. She stood very still, as if waiting for Lyon to speak.

Only a moment he was at fault; but he rallied quickly, and with an off-hand air, held out his hand, saying—

"How lucky! I thought I was not to see you again. I called, and was refused, and both yesterday and today I watched at the garden gate, but no Maud"—he smiled—"came to me."

"It was from a stranger I heard you were going," she said reproachfully.

"I thought I had offended you."

"Offended me, Nell! That you never could do. It has been all so pleasant; I shall be wretched, thinking it is all over. Oh, pretty one, what it is to be poor!"

The bell rang; in a minute the train would start.

She spoke not a word. 'All over!'—the words were a knell in her ear; but she was proud, and kept silence.

"You will remember St. Valentine's Day, darling," he whispered. "You promised me a lock of your hair then. If we do not meet before, you will keep your promise, won't you?"

"I am only a woman," she said calmly; "but I never broke a promise."

Then she took his proffered hand, held it a moment, looking into his eyes with a strange questioning gaze, and said—

"Good-bye!"

"Good-bye, Nell—good-bye, darling. Dinna forget."

One second their hands were clasped, one second their eyes met—a shiver passed through his frame, his lips opened.

"Forget?" she said, as their hands parted. "Never!"

Once more the imperative bell rang its warning clang; there was no time for more. A swift glance round showed Lyon that, in the bustle and hurry none observed them. He bent, rapidly kissed her, and was off.

As in a dream, she walked home, her heart aching, but full of love and trust.

"By Jove," he muttered, when he had made himself comfortable, with a reading lamp and a magazine—"by Jove, I was nearly in for it! Lucky the bell stopped me! Well, I always heard country quarters were dangerous, and I believe it now. She knew nothing of the maternal epistle, though;" and he opened his book.

It did not prove interesting; he could not fix his attention. Leaf by leaf he turned it over, thinking of the true searching eyes that had looked into his with such trusting innocence, of the pale noble face, of the sweet low voice, and the thrilling pressure of the soft hand. Her spell was on him. The very pain of it seemed more than he could bear. Was he never to see her again? Would she forget him soon? Then he wondered if she would suffer as the days wore on and he made no sign. He shook the thought off. Pshaw! She was but a child! What could she know of love? She had been to him a very pleasant pastime, and he to her scarcely more. Some day they would meet again, and laugh together at their little rehearsal of a love-idyl.

He was recovering his equanimity. What were these lines—only three verses. He would read them. Strange—their title was the same as the words he had used to her! Ah, cruel words! "Dinna forget." Why shouldn't she forget? There was really nothing to remember. Then he read the verses.

"Dinna mind me, dinna mind me;
All your tears will not atone,
Dinna think that mem'ries bind me;
I can face the years alone.

"Dinna fear me, dinna fear me;
Stout my heart and strong to bear;
Thoughts o' heav'n will come to cheer me.
All will be forgiven there.

"Dinna name me, dinna name me;
I will keep sad silence too;
But, if idle tongues should blame me,
Only say you know me true."

Randall was to leave for University College the first week in October. It was now the middle of September. For a few days after Lyon Leslie's departure, Nell was absent and silent. Of late her bursts of merriment had been few and far between; now even her smiles became rare. She shrank from smiling people, and yet she bore the questioning of inquisitive friends unflinchingly, though answering shortly, and beside the point. Her father thought she was fretting at the prospect of parting with her twin brother; but her mother read her child's heart better. She watched her silently.

A great gloom had fallen upon the house. Rondall was entering on a profession uncongenial to his tastes; he was parting from his twin-sister, the being he loved best in all the world; and that sister was *distraite* and, for the first time in her life, unresponsive to his sorrow.

"Nell," he said to her, the night before his departure, "I wish you were coming with me. I could pass the ordeal better."

"So do I, Randall."

The same words had been said over and over again by the brother and sister; but beyond the wish not a thought or hope of such an eventuality had occurred to either.

"Women can learn to be doctors," she added, as if revolving a thought in her mind,

"Yes, and do, too. You would make a good one, Nell; you have such a quick insight into things. You would be grand at diagnosis."

"Would you like me to become a medical student with you, Randall?"

"It would be awfully jolly for me," he said, with a man's selfishness; "and indeed, now I think of it, I wonder you don't! Women lead very useful lives, unless they marry; and you might make yours a grand one."

"Do you know, Randall, I should like it."

"What, dissecting-room and all!"—and the lad made a gesture of loathing.

"Not like that part of it; but it is only the first step that counts, you know. One gets used to butchers' shops from habit, and, but for habit, how disgusted such sights would make us! I dare say I should be very ill for a week or so—perhaps faint, lose my appetite; then gradually all that would wear off, and I'd become as callous as anyone. I shouldn't like to attend the dissecting room with men, though."

"Well, Nell, wait till I come back from my first term, and I'll tell you all about it: and if you haven't made up your mind to marry that soldier-fellow, I vote you return with me, and set out in earnest to win your 'M.D.'"

"It will be terribly dull without you, Randall. I'll write to you twice every week. I am not going out to any parties this winter."

"What, going to wear the willow? Ah, Nell, is it 'she loved and he rode away'?"

The boy—he was but eighteen—spoke lightly. Nell did not answer. He looked round at her from the table at which he was arranging his papers; her head had drooped, and the big tears were falling upon her work.

"I didn't mean to hurt you, Nell darling," he cried, going up to her quickly and putting his arm protectingly around her. "I didn't think there was anything serious in the matter. He'd better not play you false, though, or he shall answer to me."

"Hush, Randall!" she cried impatiently. "You are romancing, not I. I am as free as the winds, and so is he—that is, if we choose. I am low-spirited because you are leaving me, I wish I could keep my feelings more under control. I want a good medical training. Parting from you is like an operation. I'd like to take chloroform till Wednesday has come again;" and she burst into a passion of weeping.

"Never mind, Nell; we're all the world to each other. Keep up your spirits, and perhaps you will come back with me after Christmas. Time won't hang so very heavily on your hands. You'll have all the animals to look after when I'm gone, and I'll send you home some new works on natural history."

Man-like, it was what he liked; but he thought of giving her consolation. It never entered his mind that other pursuits might be more congenial to her.

"I will do all you ask me, Randall," she whispered, embracing him, "and I'll count the days till you come back."

There was an open rebellion in Thorpe when it was known that Nell Thanet had in a manner shut herself up from society. The society was not large, but it was social; and during the winter many pleasant re-unions took place. The people were hospitable; they were mostly on a level, so not cut up into sets. Some few, through ties of blood or marriage, were connected with one or two of the county families, and occasionally penetrated the exclusive cordon that kept that circle apart from the town. Among these the Thanet family were the most favored. They were a little more than tolerated and Nell in particular had been rather extensively patronized. The connection in this instance, was through Mrs. Thanet, who was the daughter of Sir Andrew Kennett, an obscure Scotch baronet, with neither estates or money to support his barren dignity, to which he had succeeded collaterally. He was a writer in a small town, and his not very remunerative business suffered not a little by his assumption of a title. His poorer clients grew shy of him as a man of business, and the richer classes objected to employing a person elevated over their heads by a title. The county people sneered at him as presumptuous, and declined to recognize him as one of their order. Altogether his new dignity cost the worthy writer dear, and, but for his wife, he would probably have dropped it; she clung to it, though, and bore it off among her enemies bravely; but it weighed heavy. She was a shrewd woman, and equal to the occasion. With much difficulty she obtained a commission in the army for her eldest son. In time, he married the only daughter of Squire Nettlethorpe of Nettlethorpe Hall, in the county of Hants, in which county was the little town of Thorpe. He died early in life, leaving several children, now grown to man's and woman's estate. These were constant visitors at Nettlethorpe Hall, now held by their uncle. Mr. Thanet who had married their aunt, was the squire's land agent, and agent likewise of the Duke of Walton, the county magnate.

Nell saw a good deal of her cousins, and, through them, often made one in the numerous entertainments given by the gentry during the autumn, when the attractions of shooting filled the country houses, and in the winter, when the hard times began for the "little red dog."

Her sisters had not been so fortunate. They had married before their cousins had grown up, or been much at the Hall. As Nell's uncle, Colonel Kennett, had died before his father, who was still alive, the heir to the baronetcy was his eldest son Andrew, now a subaltern in the —th Lancers. Mrs. Kennett, who had had a handsome fortune, was a scheming woman, but a good deal held in check by her youngest daughter, Janet, a young woman of very pronounced opinions, and much determination of character, downright also, and very plain-spoken. She and Nell were sworn friends.

During the time of Lyon Leslie's stay in Thorpe, the Kennetts had not once been at Nettlethorpe's Hall. They had been sojourning on the Continent for a year. That some family connection existed between the Thanets and Squire Nettlethorpe's family Lyon knew; but, as the former were not given to speaking of personal matters, and he had only casually met the latter, the subject had never come prominently before him. His relations with Nell too were so delicate, he avoided all mention of her name in common with others. Often, incidentally, Nell had named her cousin Janet, but never in connection with the Nettlethorpes; of them indeed she saw little or nothing except when her aunt was at the Hall.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

When a young man calls on his girl now he knows by her ill-concealed confusion that he is soon to be made the recipient of an elegantly embroidered smoking jacket that will be sure to fit somebody else a great deal better than it will him.—Hartford Post.

He had an auburn-haired girl, and promised to take her out riding. She met him at the door, and he exclaimed: "Hello! Ready?" She misunderstood him, and they don't speak now.

Political Announcement!

Charles Miles is a candidate for City Clerk, subject to the decision of the Republican nominating convention.

Al Taffe is a candidate for city clerk, subject to the decision of the Republican nominating convention.

Fred Gaul is a candidate for re-election to the council from the 23rd ward. Subject to the decision of the Democratic Nominating Convention.

WM. WILSON is a candidate for re-election to the Council from the Fourth Ward, subject to the decision of the Republican nominating convention.

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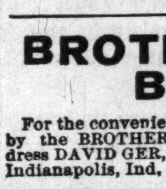

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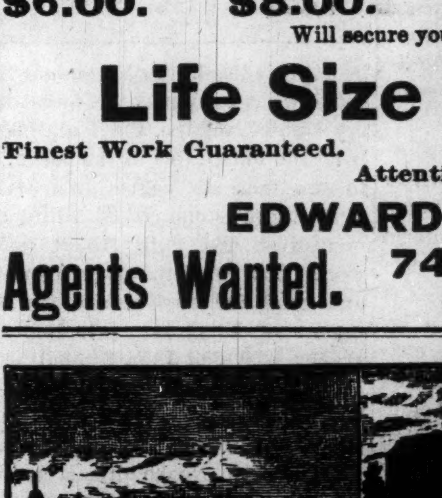

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P. O. Box 2767. 57 Rose St., New York.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., Aug. 5, 1889.

We take this method to inform our many friends that the National Baptist Convention will convene with the Second Baptist Church, Sept. 10th, 1889. As there will be a large delegation in attendance, we ask our friends to assist us to accommodate them, as we assisted our Methodist brethren in providing for their delegates to the General Conference. We now ask them to reciprocate. We will call to see you soon.

As this grand and intelligent body will be a credit to the city, we hope all will assist us to make their stay a pleasant one.

J. W. CARR,
E. B. MARTIN,
N. A. PEYMORE, Committee.
C. WILLIAMS,
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A SURGICAL SURPRISE.

Destroyed Brain Matter Reproduced—Frank Stamm Carries a Bullet in His Head, and Grows Fat With a Hole in His Brain.

Fresno claims the honor of a most important discovery in medical science, and Doctors Deardoff and Sponogle are the names that will be mentioned in the medical journal as the discoverers.

It has herotofore been almost an axiom among the profession that nerve tissue will not granulate, or in other words, that when a part of it is destroyed or cut it will not be reproduced, as in the case of muscular tissue, which will granulate and heal. The case upon which the doctors named operated in one of some nine months' standing, and has been frequently mentioned in the local newspapers, but the outcome or the experiment was not definitely ascertained until a few days ago, and is now given for the first time to the public through the columns of the Republican.

Some time in August last a ten-year-old boy named Frank Stamm was accidentally shot by a playmate with a pistol ball in the left side of the forehead. The missile crashed through the skull without glancing, and imbedded itself in the brain. From the jagged edges of the wound portions of the brain protruded, and the sufferer lay unconscions and as one dead.

Several physicians were called in, and, after making an examination that satisfied them that the bullet was in the brain, they said there was no hope of the patient surviving. Then Drs. Deardorff and Sponogle were sent for, and, after consultation, decided that there was about one chance in a million to save the lad's life. They determined to try the chance. They argued that if left alone the boy would die in a few hours, whereas if they operated upon him he would feel no pain, as he was unconscious, and, consequently, there would be nothing brutal in their mode of procedure. Neither would it be unnecessary, for nothing can be unnecessary, to save human life, even if the chance is but as a drop of water in a river.

Without losing any time they trephined the skull and removed several pieces of broken bone and a fragment of the bullet that had been split in passing through the skull. Then they cut the torn pieces of the brain that protruded, and after cleaning the wound left it open for the discharge of pus for a day or two. Then the wound was covered and the doctors awaited the result with more than ordinary anxiety.

The boy gained rapidly in health and strength, but his condition was still considered critical, as a turn for the worse might come at any moment. To add to the scientific anxiety of the attending physicians several other doctors in an unprofessional and unscientific spirit circulated a report that they had acted with brutality in operating upon the boy, and prolonged his sufferings when there there was no chance for his life.

After a lapse of several weeks it was found that a fungus growth had pushed the scalp up and formed a large and dangerous-looking protrusion. The doctors did not care to meddle with it until they were positive of its real character, and for three or four months it grew larger and larger.

Drs. Deardoff and Sponogle saw that the time had come to remove the ugly protuberance, and they cut it off, cleaned out the wound again and drew the cut edges of the scalp as near together as they could. They took out two or three quarter ounces of the brain and subjected the fungoid matter to a microscope examination. They found, as the expected, that it was composed of true nerve tissue. Contrary to expectation the wound seemed to heel, and to their great surprise they saw granulations form on the nerve tissue between the cut edges of the scalp. The granulations, however, were rather red, and had an inflammatory appearance, but the granulations increased, the threatened inflamation disappeared, and to-day the boy is fat and strong.

A piece of the bullet still remains in his brain, but he experiences no pain and eats harty. Of course, it could not be expected that he would escape from so terrible a shock and mutilation without some lasting infirmity. The cutting by the bullet of so much brain tissue has partly paralyzed his right side, but after he gets fairly started the hesitation in thought and speech is no longer observable.

The attending physicians feel very proud of the outcome of the case. If the boy had died they would have been flayed alive with the scalpels of prosessional criticism.

Cases in which a patient has survived with a bullet in his brain are exceedingly rare.

One of the most recent is that of a Stockton gardener named Paravagna, who was shot with a pistol bullet a little above and in front of the right ear. The bullet went completely through his brain almost in a horrizontal line and lodged against the skull on the left side. The wound was treated by local physicians, and to their surprise he recovered. After his recovery his thinking faculties were found to be considerably impaired. He would harness one side of a horse and neglect to harness the other side. He never could remember where he left an article a moment after he laid it down, but his health was good and his muscular strength remained unimpaired. The bullet is still in his brain.—Fresno (Cal., Bepublican.

ST. PIERRE.

First Impressions Which It Makes on the Tourist.

When you find yourself for the first time, upon some unshadowed day, in the delightful West Indian city of St. Pierre—supposing that you own the sense of poetry, the recollections of a student—there is apt to steal upon your fancy an impression of having seen it at all before, ever so long ago, you cannot tell where. The sensation of some happy dream you cannot wholly recall might be compared to this feeling. In the simplicity and solidity of the quaint architecture; in the eccentricity of bright narrow streets all aglow with warm coloring; in the tints of roof and wall, antiquated by streaking and patchings of mold greens and grays; in the startling absence of window sashes, glass, gas lamps, and chimneys; in the blossom tenderness of the blue heaven, the splendor of tropic light and the warmth of the tropic wind—you will find less the impression of a scene of to-day than the sensation of something that was and is not. Slowly this feeling strengthens with your pleasure in the colorific radiance of costume; the semi nudity of passing figures; the puissant shapeliness of torsoes ruddily swart like statue metal; the rounded outline of limbs yellow as tropic fruit; the grace of attitudes; the unconscious harmony of groupings; the gathering and folding and falling of light robes that osciliate with swaying of free forms; the sculptured symmetry of unshod feet. You look up and down the lemon tinted streets—down to the dazzling azure brightness of meeting sky and sea; up to the perpetual verdure of mountain woods—wondering at the mellowness of tones, the sharpness of lines in the light, the diaphaneity of colored shadows, always asking memory, "When—where did I see all this long ago?" Then, perhaps, your gaze is suddenly riveted by the vast and solemn beauty of the verdant violet shaded mass of the dead volcano, high towering above the town, visible from all its ways, and umbraged, may be, thinnest curling of clouds, like specters of its ancient smoking to heaven. And all at once the secret of your dream is revealed, with the rising of many a luminous memory—dreams of the Idylists, flowers of old Sicilian song, fancies limned upon Pompeiian wall. For a moment the illusion is delicious; you comprehend as never before the charm of a vanished world, the antique life, the story of terra cottas and graven stones and gracious things exhumed; even the sun is not of to-day, but of twenty centuries gone; thus, and under such a light, walked the women of the elder world. Too soon the hallucination is broken by modern sounds, dissipated by modern sights—rough trolling of sailors descending to their boats, the heavy boom of a packet's signal gun—the passing of an American buggy. Instantly you become aware that the melodious tongue spoken by the passing throng is neither Hellenic nor Roman; only the beautiful childish speech of French slaves.—Harper's Magazine.

The Pay of Royalty.

The people of the United States have, generally speaking, but a vague idea of what it annually costs the people of Europe to maintain their respective sovereigns

The German Emperor heads the list with a yearly stipend of $8,400,000, which means, in other words, that every man, woman and child of the 47,000,000 of Germans who inhabit the Fatherland must pay an annual tribute of about 18 cents to sustain the dignity of the imperial crown. The Czar of Russia comes next with a civil list of $7,320,000, or a head taxation of nearly 9 cents for each one of his 87,000,000 subjects.

The Emperor of Austria, who rules over 41,900,000 of people, occupies the third place, with an annual income of $4,600,000 raised by means of an individual personal taxation of 57 cents, for which every inhabitant of the Austro-Hungarian empire is bound to pay to assure the personal comfort of the Emperor and the well-being of the imperial family.

Queen Victoria receives from the 37,000,000 of children which comprise the population of the United Kingdom a royal tribute of $3,600,000, that is to say, that every member of the English, Scotch and Irish families contribute to the support of her majesty and to that of her off-spring to the amount of ten cents per head.

With a population of 29,000,000 Italy favors King Umberto with a civil list which was raised last year to $3,000,000, or a little more than 10 cents for each individual. Spain, whose population is about 16,000,000, pays her baby King $1,800,000 a year, or an average of 11 cents per head.

Let's See your Tongue.

In this United States there is one physician to every 500 people. If this seems to be a little crowded to the new doctors who came out this Spring, we would suggest a good opening for a young physician in Gilead, where there is no physician, nor yet any balm. We don't know where Gilead is, although we know some doctors who we think ought to go there.—Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

Just Bloomed.

Come, Marie, take your feathered hat,
And shoulder-cape and piquant muff,
Some repartees, a laugh, a glance,
And in your sleeve a sly rebuff,—
Come, Marie, come!

Come dancing down the stairs, and call
Some trite remark that sounds divine;
Be saucy at your mother's care
About your wraps; my aid decline
About your glove.

I know not why a foolish girl
Should seem so wise—to be so sweet;
Nor why, without a glimpse of soul,
You are a creature quite complete,
And somewhat rare.

Let me but gaze upon your cheek,
And catch the fervor of your eye,
And note the dimple at your lip
When I declare that I shall die
Without your love!

—Rose Hawthorne Lathrop in the Century.

DEATH FROM TRICHINOSIS.

A Victim of This Awful Disease in New York.

Joseph Palmi, a laborer, died at Bellevue Hospital, Wednesday, of that fortunately rare but extremely painful disease, trichinosis. This disease may be described to the technical reader as the propagation and infinite multiplication of minute living worms in the muscles of the entire system. It usually arises from the incautious use of raw or partially cooked pork.

On last Saturday afternoon the police summoned an ambulance to No. 49 Mulberry street to remove a man who was supposed to be suffering from a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism. Dr. Henderson, the ambulance surgeon, so reported the case on his arrival, and it was thus entered on the books, but when Dr. D. H. Williams, jr. proceeded to examine the patient in his ward, he could not find any of the customary symptoms of inflammatory rheumatism. An interpreter was summoned, when Joseph was closely examined as to his experiences. He stated that the acute pains of which he complained had begun about June 5 and continued to increase in intensity and extent until the ambulance came for him. As these pains had first developed in the stomach and then spread through the body, Dr. Williams decided that it must be a case of trichinosis. Palmi at first denied that he had been eating pork, but finally admitted that about a week before the pains appeared he had purchased some pigs' feet of a butcher in Mulberry street near his residence. His wife and children had eaten the food with him.

The man suffered terribly, and the physician was compelled to administer opiates, both internally and hypodermically, to ease the excruciating pain caused by the myriads of worms invading every muscle of his writhing body. Though the patient was able to take slight nourishment he continued to grow weaker day after day, until death finally put an end to his sufferings.

"Although I nave not yet completed my diagosis," said Dr. Williams yesterday. "I have no doubt that the case is one of trichinosis. Palmi acknowledged having eaten pig's feet during the last week in May, but he must have eaten other kinds of pork, for pig's feet contain very little muscle, being principally composed of tendons, cartilage and gelatinous matter. According to his statement his wife had a slight attack of abdominal spasms, which are the first symptons of the disease. She, however, seems to have recovered though I should not be surprised if the woman was brought here in the same state as her husband was. Trichinosis consists of the breeding of minute worms in the muscles, and they go on multiplying until the entire system is filled with them. Being in the muscles of the pork, which has not been properly cooked—and it must be submitted to a heat of 255 degrees to kill the worms—they are taken into the stomach. Here they began increasing and produce the abdominal spasms which are the initial symptoms then, following the intestinal track they finally pass through the abdominal walls and so enter the lymphatic organs. From that moment the patient is doomed, unless he is so constituted that his system can resist the trichina when they become encysted and die. If they are too strong for resistance they go on living in the muscles until the latter decompose and death ensues very quickly.

"When Palmi was first brought here I took a piece of muscle from his forearm and discovered that he had previously suffered from the disease, because there were encysted worms visible in it. After he died portions of the muscles in the calf and shoulder were removed, and these we intend examining under the microscope just as the portions are, and then they will be hardened and their transverse sections prepared for further examination. But there is no doubt that our diagnosis is the correct one. One of the symptoms is an intense thirst and agonizing pain, both of which were present in this case. Usually trichinosis is developed from pork which is eaten raw, and people frequently have it who are in the habit of eating raw Westphalia hams and bologna sausage. But pork is not the only meat which is capable of developing trichina, for they are found in the muscles of dogs and cats, rats and mice, and even mules, all of which animals eat pork. The origin of trichinæ is unknown, and they may be inherited for all we know."—New York World.

The head-dress of theatre-going young ladies reminds one of a castle in the hair.

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* FREEMAN *
ILLUSTRATED

A National Colored Newspaper and the only pictorial colored journal published in the United States. As a bold and fearless champion of the Negro race it has no equal. It is independent in politics and fearless in its advocacy of the rights of the colored people.

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So far as we are acquainted with colored journalism, the best paper published in the interests of the colored people is The Freeman of this city. No other paper is doing as good work in the special field indicated. Its advocacy of the interests of the colored people is able and dignified, and its illustrated sketches of the colored literary men and women are exceedingly well conceived and executed.—Indianapolis Journal.

A GROWING PAPER.

The Freeman, a paper conducted in this city by Edward E. Cooper, in the interests of the colored race, has grown to be a creditable journal. It is illustrated each week, well printed, and is well conducted editorially.—Indianapolis News.

IT MUST BE SEEN.

The Freeman of this city is the ablest newspaper in the United States published by colored men. The paper itself is proof of this statement.—Sun.

The Washington Bee, one of the ablest colored newspapers published says of us: Editor Cooper, of the Indianapolis "Freeman," is the most enterprising Negro Journalist in the country.

The "Freeman" is a necessity.

The National Leader; The Freeman, of Indianapolis, Ind., E. E. Cooper, manager is the only pictorial publisher in the country. Though in its infancy it has taken front rank in illustrates newspaperdom. We consider it the Harper's Weekly of the colored race.

The illustrated "Freeman" of Indianapolis, Ind., is to the colored people, what Frank Leslie is to the whites.—The Advocate, Leavenworth, Kan.

Brother Optic; The Freeman the only illustrated Negro newspaper published, shoots straight at the mark, and fills a long felt need in Negro Journalism. It speaks its sentiments, regardless of friends, and asks for the recognition of the Negro—not as brutes but as American citizens. How can our leaders do without it?

One of our contemporaries kindly says; The Freeman is a new and long needed venture in Negro journalism, every department complete and ably managed, which demonstrates the fact that we have men among us who possess the same marke tastes, traits and abilities which the white men have."

Another remarks; "The Freeman adds another brilliant star to Negro Journalism. Unlike the ordinary weekly journal, it is an illustrated paper, with strong editorials and fresh news that gives it a decided advantage over the average weekly newspaper.

The Freeman, the only illustrated journal in America published by colored men, came to our desk this week, and is beyond all apprehension the neatest and best. Success to you Brother Cooper.—Leavenworth Advocate.

The Freeman is the only illustrated paper published by a colored man in the United States It is a credit to Edward E. Cooper, the talented editor and proprietor, and to his race. We commend it to our friends and patrons.—The Crusade.

It is one of the most instructive and interesting papers we have ever read.—Plain Speaker, South Carolina.

It is the best effort yet made in Negro journalism. It deserves a place around the fireside of every lover of the race.—The Vindicator.

The Freeman is a credit to journalism, and shows that we are rising.—The Herald, Va.,

The Freeman is, without a doubt, the most creditable journalistic effort yet put forth by the Negro. It is striking evidence and unmistakable proof of latent and undeveloped genius and innate ability lying dormant in the Negro race. It is the duty of every reading Negro to encourage and support this most excellent paper.—Pine Bluff Hornet.

"It is a credit too and shows the advance the colored race is making in journalism," says another.

The position of The Freeman among the Negro journals is admirable and unique. The faithful portraiture and graphic sketches of noted colored men published weekly are gratifying in a high degree.—Southern News.

The Freeman is indeed the best and finest journal published by the Negro race, It contains cuts and biographical sketches of our prominent men and women, and portrays the colored race as it is.—Progress, Ala.

On the last page is always found a comic cut of some of the common discriminations practiced against the race. The paper is well edited, and a credit to the editor and the race.—The Corner stone.

Decidedly the best newsyaper in typographical makeup and mechanical arrangement published in this country is The Freeman, an illustrated independent journal issued every Saturday at Indianapolis, Ind. If our people desire a really good paper we advise them to subscribe to it. Among its contributors are many of the best Negro writers in this country.—Va, Lancet.

The Freeman is by far the best and ablest newspaper the colored people have ever had.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

As a Newspaper.

It gives a complete review of the doings of the colored people everywhere. It gives special attention to the worthy achievements and general progress of the race.

A Political Paper.

It is independent in politics and fearless in its advocacy of the rights of the colored people. It will commend the good and condemn the bad in all parties. It believes in free speech, a free ballot and a fair count.

An Historical Paper.

It devotes unceasing research to the hitherto unpublished history of the Negro in this country and will from time to time print and illustrate the legends and romances of the Negro, written by colored authors.

A Literary Paper.

It keeps a pace with the educational and literary progress of the race. It will review all books and criticise all publications by colored men and women. It endeavors to encourage and create a demand for the works of colored authors

An Illustrated Paper.

It portrays the colored race as it is, and not as it is misrepresented by many of our white contemporaries. It will print from time to time cuts and sketches of our prominent men and women, and full contemporary happenings which relate to colored people.

A General Newspaper.

It is the peer of any in the land, and is brimful of spicy news each week. Particular attention will be given to the stage, the pulpit, the school room and workshop and the leading occupations and professions of the race.

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It has no equal as an advertising medium, reaching as it does a class of people, not reached by the white papers. Rates can be had by application at our office.

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6 months " "	$1.35
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EDWARD E. COOPER

THE FREEMAN is a weekly newspaper published in the interest of the colored people. It is issued every Saturday from 18½ N. Penn. St., by EDWARD E. COOPER, to whom all communication should be directed.

SOLD BY ALL NEWSDEALERS.

THE FREEMAN invites contribution from all parts of the country, which relates in any way to the colored people. And will pay for such when used. We want to secure active intelligent correspondents in every city and town of the U. S. Information given on application.

We prefer not to return manuscript where the articles are short, and copies easily taken—such as poems, anecdotes and brief sketches; and in no case will we undertake to return MS. unless stamps for that purpose accompany the article.

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EDWARD E. COOPER,
Indianapolis, - - Ind.

WANTED.

We want a first-class agent for The Freeman in every city and town not already taken and we will allow a liberal commission for the same. Young men and women will find this work pleasant as well as profitable. Address this office for further particulars.

Hereafter, all persons paying money to us through agents, will receive a receipt direct from this office in addition to receipt given them by agents whenever the money is turned in at the office. Subscribers will do us a favor by notifying us when such receipts are not promptly received.

Labor day was a red-letter day here last monday.

WE cannot begin to give space to the many communications which are sent to The Freeman. We use what we deem fit and give the rest to the waste-basket. Contributors should bear in mind that we do not want and cannot use longwinded communications. They must be brief and to the poiut

THE Negro is not a failure in everything. As preacher, and lodge member he gets there. He is also able to do his share of talking and eating. As a business man he is in his swaddling clothes, as a teacher he is some, as a barber, as a political nonentity, as "a spendthrift and patron of cheap excursions" he is a decided success.

One of the present needs of the race is organization among the laboring classes. No better evidence of the real good of it can begiven than the success which has attended the Hod carriers Union. Although oniy a few years old, it done more for its members than ahy labor organization as known among colored people. It has increased the pay at least twenty five percent and has reduced the hours from 10 to 8 per day. The barbers, waiters, carpenters and other wage-workers should now organize,

That Mahone drives the colored votes of Virginia, and works them under the lash is clearly demonstrated by the unanimity with which they rally to his standard in the present campaign in that state. The Planet a well edited though hide bound colored newspaper published at Richmond says:

> There are liberal minded Democrats in that party for whom we would not mind voting, but it is that army of Negro haters behind them that we fear.

There is about as much difference between the Mahone republican and a democrat as there is between two hungry wolves. But then the Negro is bound to follow somebody.

The "race wars" have broken out again in Louisiana and Mississippi and seem according to all accounts, to be nothing more nor less than an unprovoked and premeditated assult by white ruffians upon a peaceable party of men, women and children, whose only offense was their color. Not content with killing and wounding several of the number, and terrorizing the rest, the New Orleans hoodlums carried their sport still futher, and playfully made a bonfire of a colored church. The New Orleans Times-Democrat is moved out of its usual calm by this outrage, and calls for the punishment of the perpetrators, and of participants in the riot of whatever color. Past experience allows no reason for thinking that the white men engaged in the affair will receive their deserts, but something of an advance in the public opinion is indicated when such a thing is boldy suggested. White supremacy must be maintained, however, if all the pickannies get bullet holes through them, and every church is burned to the ground in the operation. The Caucasian race is a great one, no doubt, but it sometimes fails to distinguish itself in conflicts with the people it is pleased to call infefior.

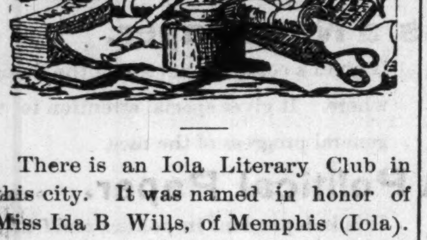
It will fight as long as it is pitted against inferiors or has a "sure thing" on winning.

REV. GEORGE A. CLARK,

Of Vicksburg, Miss.

In presenting to the readers of The Freeman the subject of this sketch, whose cut appears in this issue, we do not claim by any means to have found among the good colored people of Vicksburg Crœsus, Newton or Virgil but that he is in the truest sense of the term a "self made man." Coming to this world a slave he was as a natural result deprived of all opportunities to make himself what he might have been. But under these and other adverse circumstances, Mr. Clark has attained to a prominence that might be envied by men of either race, and to the young men of our race he is a striking example, showing what they can do by honorable and constant effort and perservence. Mr. Clark is not a man of many literary attainments, just knowing enough to manage his own affairs in life. Not fitted for the higher pursuits of life he has spent most of his time at common labor, and as a result of which he now owns a beautiful home, a store, which does a handsome business, several valuable lots, and, including a nice bank account he is at present worth $15,000.

Just here it may be mentioned that that Mr. Clark several years ago use to play at lottery a great deal and was so fortunate as to win $5,000. Among his people Mr. Clark stands high, doing at all times all in his power to promote their interests. Mr. Clark is also one of the leading clergyman (Bap.) of Vicksburg, and as such he has no mean record. He is a powerful and eloquent pulpit orator and one to hear him, would say he is truly "sent to preach." Mr. Clark has several churches under his flock. As a citizen Mr. Clark is a model and has the respect of both colored and white. Unlike most men of wealth he is not of a miserly disposition, giving liberally of his means to every good cause. He also contributes freely in the promotion of home comforts and happiness.



There is an Iola Literary Club in this city. It was named in honor of Miss Ida B Wills, of Memphis (Iola).

Rev. S. M. Conner, of Newport, Ark., is preparing a book to be known as the "Great colored men of America" It will appear sometime in Oct.

The editor of the Torchlight a little sheet published in Fort Worth, Texas, rises to remark that he cannot subsist on "air pudding and wind sauce with baloon trimmings."

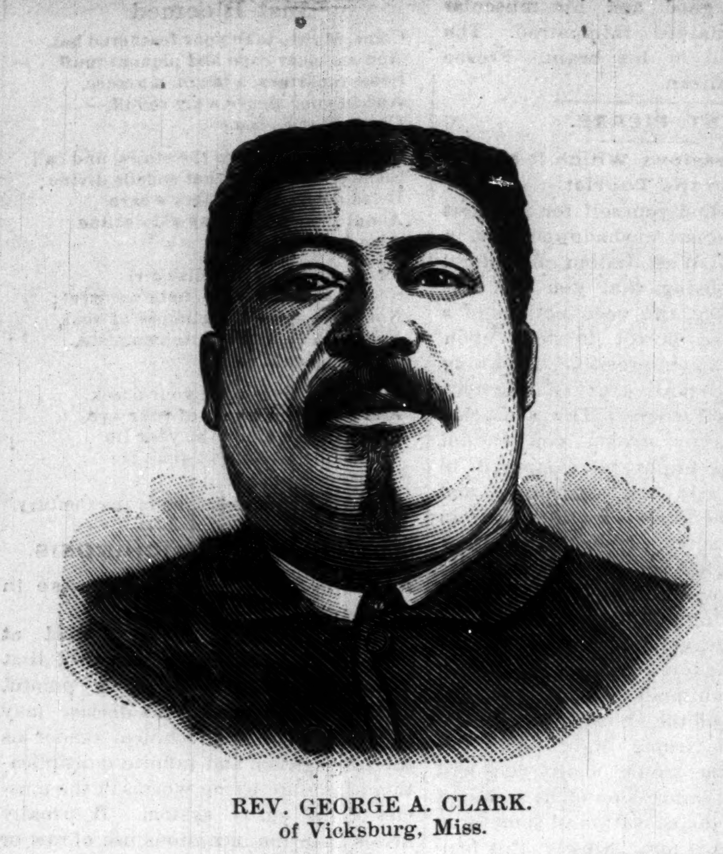
Free Speech and Headlight is "off again," Brother Cooper is not left out in the cold. We are on top and there to stay, and don't you forget it. Our political sentiment is now endorsby every reputable colored newspaper in the country.

A young dreamer of Birmingham, Ala., has kindly favored The Freeman with one of his dreams in the form of poetry. He perhaps does not know that editors dream occasionally while waiting for the subscriptions that never come.

R. R. Right, editor of the Augusta Sentinel and who is reported as having said—"tell the north we's risen" is lecturing throughout Georgia. His subjects are the "The progress of the Negro in the past twenty years" and "Negro Inventors."

Miss Lillian Alberta Lewis, (Bert Islew) has been invited by the Colored National League to address it early in October. Miss Lewis is an interesting speaker; and the public may expect to be given a most instructive talk. She will speak on the present tendency of the young men and young women of Boston.

We acknowledge the receipt of a copy of W. P. Dabney's beautiful new "March Overature" for piano, sent by W. H. Anderson, music and news dealer, No. 222 East Broad street, Richmond, Va. The composer was a student in Oberlin in 1885. Every one of our pianists should obtain a copy of this new composition, if for no other person than that Mr. Daubney is a member of the race. Send thirty-five cents to Mr. Anderson and receive a copy by return mail.



REV. GEORGE A. CLARK.
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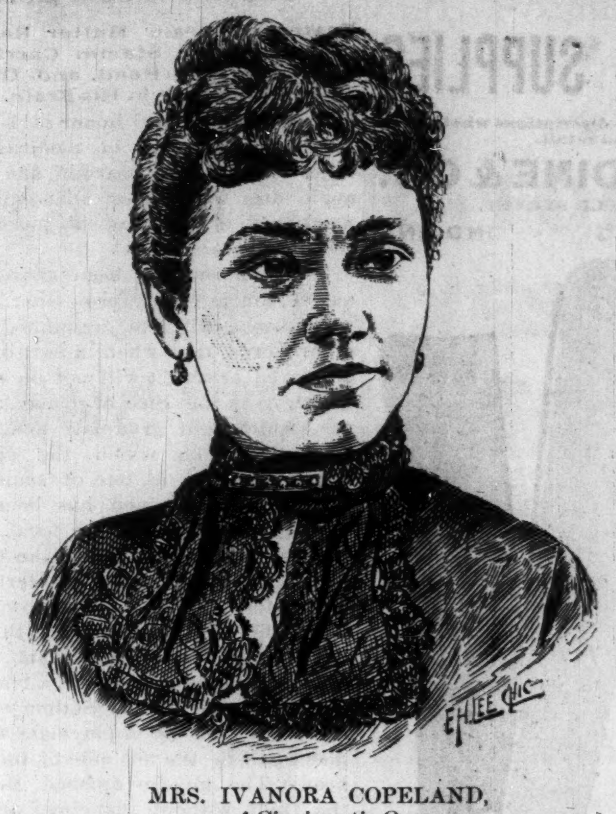


MRS. IVANORA COPELAND,
of Cincinnati, O.

W. Allison Sweeney, who was the orator of the day at an emancipation celebration at Rushville, Ind., last Monday, gave utterance to the following eloquent tribute.

> Is the future of the colored man in America inviting or discouraging? By all signs, inviting. If his progress within the last quarter of a century has far surpassed the expectations of the most sanguine of his friends and observers, within the next twenty-five years how much may not be expected of him? The great heights are still before and above him, but he will surely scale them. Education is the talismanic key that can only usher him into the presence of the uncrowd-royalty of our land—the great and good and useful. He must "put money in his purse;" must build homes and own them. But, above all, he must guard with a jealous and unsleeping eye his honor, reputation and integrity. These rules and determinations lived to, and acted upon, a future, pregnant with successful, honorable achievement, awaits him. Prejudice will flee from him, and ostracism will hang its head with shame and confusion.

Lawyer John G. Jones, of Chicago, and who devoted nearly a year of his valuable time trying to find out what manner of man C. H. J. Taylor was, has turned pugilist.

It seems that considerable ill feeling existed between the parties to a suit before Justice Wallace. There was so much fuel among the belligerents that it only needed a match to touch it off. The lawyer furnished the match,

Matters went along smoothly until the cross examination of witnesses, wrathy sure enough. But that was nothing, compared with his speech. When he finally let go his oratory, he made the fur fly. It was at this the incident occurred. One man answered the lawyer and called him a name he could not stand. In a second the court Judge baliff and everything else was forgotton and the lawyer's right fist struck out like a battering ram and the witness was "knocked out." Peter Jackson could not have done it better. The melee was then stopped and the Judge vindicated his court by fining all parties for contempt.

RACE
GLEANINGS

Lawyer George H, Jackson and family of Cincinnati are estivating at Atlantic City.

The colored jokeys has a field day at the new course of the New York Jockey club on Tuesday, coming in winners in five out of six races.

Leading colored men of Chicago have organized a building and loan association, capital stock $2,000,000. Dr. S. H. Magee, author of the "Night of affliction and morning of Recovery," is president.

There is a colored man at Frias Point, Miss., who is the father of twenty living children and has several dead. He has been married eight times, is now eighty-five years of age and works actively on the farm. He has the best crop, this year, of any of his neighbors.

Eleven colored men have been appointed to important positions under the present administration ot salaries raging from $1,000 to $5,000.

The Johnstown Relief Committee received a draft for $300 from Brisbane, Queensland, the proceeds of a series of concerts given by the original Fisk Jubilee singers, who have been tarveling through the Old World for the last three or four years.

Louis Campbell Bullock, and Barbara Florence Seefried, a good-looking German, were married in Jersey City, Saturday, Aug. 10. The happy couple are living with the grooms sister and are apparently as happy as though they had not been guilty of infringing on the customs of the country.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

Mrs. Eliza J. Payne, wife of Bishop E. A. Payne, died last Sunday noon at Xenia. Ohio.

Co-education of white and colored students is practiced in the law school at Baltimore, Md.

To the breakfast given to President Harrison recently at Boston, three colored men were invited.

It is said that there are several hundred thousand dollars of unclaimed money belonging to colored soldiers.

The new collector of customs of Pittsburgh, Va., has appointed three colored clerks, a guager, a messenger, and seven deputies,

Edmund Pettiford (colored), aged one hundred and four, and doubtedless the oldest man in Northern Indiana, died on Saturday.

James D. Reed, of Chicago, has invented an improvement for bicycles which promises to revolutionize them. It is valuable and he will stick to it.

Charles S. Morris, the bright news. paper writer and campaign speaker, has been appointed a United States gauger with headquarters at Louisville Kentucky.

There is talk of establishing a Female Academy at Natchez, Miss., under the auspices of the A. M. E. Church. Dr. W. R. Carson is heading the movement.

Miss Cora Lee Watson sang in Newport last week and met with much success. Miss Watson has several engagements for the early fall, and she bids fair to become a favorite soprano.—Sentinel.

Prof. J. C. Price, president of Livingstone College, Salisbury, N. C., has just had a complete outfit for the shoe department of the industrial school donated. The college is in a flourishing condition.

Rev. J. A. Mulligan has published in book form his public addresses, lectures and a few sermons. The addresses are said to be well arranged, the thoughts couched in vigorous English and show careful preparation.

Among the marriage licenses recently issued in Philadelphia was one permitting Wtaidystawa Butzcrinska to wed Piotrowicy Ntadvstawa.

These people ought to have had their names Americanized before the papers were issued to them.

CAN CARRY THE NEWS TO HANNAH.

Colored men are not clamoring for white wives, neither do they desire to court white men's daughters. Thanks to the blue-blooded white men of Virginia we have from the whitest to the blackest on our side of the line, and can marry to suit ourselves. You can carry the news to Hannah.–Planet.

The Methodist Union, a little newspaper of Augusta, Ga., does some mighty big talk and sensible at that. It says: "In the future the intelligent Negro will not accept gushing platitudes for friendship. He'll know his friends by their deeds; he has had enough of hypocritical professions, he now demands something substantial.

Dr. E. A. Williams, of New Orleans, the Supreme Chancellor of the Knights of Pythias is in St. Paul, Minn., and has just established a new branch. It is to be known as the Abraham Lodge, No. 1. Mr. Samuel M. Lewis was Chairman of the meeting from which the following officers were elected:

Clark P. Crawford, C. C.; Andrew Jackson, V. C.; Peter G. Bradley, P. C.; A. E. Jenkins, D. D. C.; S. Hampshire; P.; J. Newman, M. F.; S. Light, M. A.; Samuel Lewis, K. R. of S.; Geo. Duckett, M. E.; W. Grey, I. G.; W. Williams, O. G.

THE DRIFT OF SENTIMENT

WHERE SHOULD HE HIT HIM THEN?

A 'nigger' must not hit a white man on the head in this burg.—Hon. David Park Hadden. (Tenn.)

RIDICULOUS.

The cry of "Negro domination" in the South sounds very ridiculous when the fact is considered that the whole colored population of that section has only one Representative in Congress.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

WE WERE TOLD THAT THE REPUBLICAN PARTY COULD REMEDY THIS.

Political and race persecution, and opposition to the Negro, is greater now than at any time since the days of ku-klux terrorism. What does it mean?—Hornet.

THE GOD'S TRUTH.

A contemporary of our has a sly nack of culling news from other papers after it is about two weeks old, without giving credit to the source whence it originated. This is unfair and unless stopped will be exposed. An item that is worth copying is worth giving credit for.—Afro-American Spokeman.

HOW ARE WE REPRESENTED.

There were eighty-five colored delegates in the Norfolk convention and thirty alternates. Six hundred white delegates and seventy alternates. The convention was without doubt a great lesson to the colored people—an object lesson not to be forgotten—think of it, the representatives of seventy-five thousand white voters of Virginia pleading in open convention to secure to the ninety thousand colored voters their equal civil and political rights, if the colored voters will allow them to do so; think of it, sixty per cent. of the seventy-five thousand fought twenty-five years ago to keep the colored man in slavery.—Industrial Day.

RIGHT YOU ARE.

Every Negro who can ought to leave the South.—Bee.

And for What? It would be one way to settle the southern question only to create a Northen problem. All of the Negroes could not drive carriages and be waiters in hotels.—Free Speech and Headlight.

HE DID THE RIGHT THING.

While a colored camp meeting was in progress at West Union, Minn., a drunken tough attempted to take the pulpit. The minister stood the noise as long as possible, finally closing the Bible, and stepping out of the pulpit he gave the fellow a thorough whipping. Putting on his coat he entered the pulpit and finished his sermon without interruption.

COLORED JURYMAN IN ALABAMA.

An Interesting Sunday School Convention at Birmingham, Ala.

Special to The Freeman.

The A. M. E. S. S. convention of the Birmingham, Ala., district, convened at Scottsboro, Ala., Aug. 22d with presiding Elder F. W. Puryear in in the chair. Quite a large number of ministers and delegates were present and a large crowd attended the services Sunday. Some very interesting essays were read concerning Sunday School work. At 11 o'clock the presiding elder preached an able sermon; at 3 o'clock p. m. the memorial services of Rev. Prince Gardner, deceased was attended by Rev. Goodloe of Birmingham, assisted by Rev. L. A. Humphry of Warrior. Ala.

Rev. P. Gardper, deceased, was an ex-presiding elder of Birmingham District. We had the honor of representing Birmingham Sunday Schools in the convention on the 26th of Aug.

⁂

NOTES.

A white man was on trial for murder. four colored men sat on the jury. In another case five colored men was empaneled as jurors at Huntsville, Ala.

⁂

The State Normal School at Huntsville is the best arranged and has the best accommodations of any colored school in the State of which Prof. W. H. Council is principal.

⁂

Huntsville, Ala., has a colored Justice of the Peace viz J. J. Smith who is president of the Huntsville Trade Co., owned by colored men..

⁂

Hon, Chas, Hendly Receiver of public moneys at Huntsville is a very pleasant gentleman. We visited the above gentleman in his office and had a pleasant time.

B, CRAWFORD.

The Budget for 1887-1888 is a rich magazine, laden with highly useful information and thoroughly Arnettized—decorated with pictures of some of our more faithful and advanced men and women. The character of the book is far superior to all its predecessors, What a shame to give it away or sell it for less than fifty cents- All other churches sell their year books; we alone virtually give ours away.—Christian Recorder,

CHURCH
HOLY BIBLE
FREEMAN

Bethel church of Philadelphia, when completed will cost $50,000.

Lewis Price, of Denver, Col., contributed $500 to the A. M. E. church of that city at its dedication.

Rev. T. G. Stewart, the scholar and divine of Baltimore is sojourning East among friends and relatives.

Rev. B. Ferrill, a promising young divine of Gallatin, Tenn., is holding forth temporarily at Mt. Zion Church. He is an eloquent and able minister and will in all probability he called to the pastorate of that church.

The National Baptist Association which will be held in this city beginning Sept. 15th is of a national character. Representative ministers from all parts of the country will be in attendance, and the people of this city should do their utmost to make the so journ here pleasant for all.

The Indianapolis Ministers and Deacons Meeting.

This body met in the Second Baptist church with the following members present: Rev. E. B. Martin, H. H. Hayden, C. Duncan, J. W. Carr, P. Ferguson, J. Parker, J. R. Raynor, R. Jinkins, B. Fearill, A. Walker, C. C. Wilson and J, A. Preston.

Lics—P. Edwards and Brien, G. W. Bruton and Harris, H. Turner, S. Russell, Rev. J. R. Raydor was chosen moderator. Rev. B. Fearill offered prayer.

Reports—Second Sunday School 1:35 collection $1.60. Rev. Hayden preached at 11 a. m. The Lords Support at 3 p. m. Rev. G. Curtis preached at 8 p. m. Additional collection $56.10.

New Bethel Sunday School 46, collection 43c. Pastor preached, collection $8.00.

Corinthian Sunday School Ad. 64, Col. $1.50 at 11 a. m. pastor preached at 3 p. m. Lords Supper, at 8 p. m. Pastor preached, col. $4.00.

Tabernacle Sunday School, 45. At 11 a. m. Rev. P. Burn and Rev. Nebrus preached at 3 p. m. Pastor at 8 p. m. col. $6.70.

Garfield Sunday School, 18. col. 20c, at 11 p. m. pastor preached. At 8 p. m. Rev. Spears preached, col. $3.00.

Bridge Port pastor preached during the day, col. $5.00.

Zion Sunday Sunday, 44. Col. 44c. Rev. B. Fearill preached, col. $25.26.

Olive Sunday School, 50. col. 37c, Pastor during the day. col. $3.97.

On motion that we do not recognize the so called Antiock Baptist Church as a duly organized missionary Baptist Church, and that we also disregard any minister that preach to it carried. Benediction by Rev. B. Fearill.

J. W. CARR, Secretary

Mt Zion Church Again --- Action of the Ministers.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Aug. 18,'89.

The Advisory called by the Mt. Zion Baptist church met in the above named church, and was organized by electing Rev. E. B. Martin Moderator, and J. W. Carr Secretary. Rev. Martin read the 1st Psalm. Rev, N. A. Seymore offered prayer. After stating the object of the meeting, the Clerk of the Mt. Zion church came forward and read the minutes of a previous meeting of the church, setting forth the unbecoming conduct of Rev. J. M, Morton, and of the Deacons, by congregating themselves elsewhere to worship, which is contrary to Baptist usages. On motion, the statement of the church was received. Then the Council considered so much of the report of the church as related to the violation of the government of the Missionary Baptist church. The matter was discussed by Revs. J. R. Raynor, P. Boone, D. S. Slaughter, R. Jenkins: and Deacons J. Tanner, T. Durham and C. Burley. 1st. On motion, that we concur with the church in withdrawing the right hand of fellowship from those disorderly members- Carried. 2d. That the church acted wisely in calling a Council. Carried. 3d. Whether or not the church would do right in receiving the resignation of Rev. J. M. Morton. This was discussed by Rev. D. S. Slaughter. P. Boone, S. R. Raynor, C. C. Wilson, N. A. Seymore, C. Duncan, and passed with the understanding that it would be an error to do so, inasmuch as the Rev. J. M. Morton was disorderly by carrying away a portion of the members of the church. Prayer was offered by Rev. A. A. Simmons. Benediction by Rev. J. R. Raynor.

J. W. CARR, Sec.

POLITICAL CHIT CHAT.

The Negro is becoming an important factor in local politics.

The cry in the third ward should be Sweetland and victory.

There is a mild rumor that Sweetland will be taken off the ticket.

For once in a long time no party or set of men will carry the Negro in his vest pocket in the coming election. Mark that.

After the political shuffle but one Negro is found with his head above the surface, and it won't be there long if the goody, goody Republicans get a fair whack at it.

One more colored letter carrier has been appointed in the person of Mr. Lawrence Newby, who passed a creditable examination some days ago. Baughman, Porter and others are waiting to hear something drop.

A, J. Farley has been appointed to a messengership in the U. S. Marshalls office at Washington. From the noise made over the appointment one would suppose it was the marshalship itself to which he had been appointed,

Mr. John Osterman went in as County Treasurer this week. Had the colored vote rallied to his support as they did to his opponent. Mr. Floyd, we are certain, he wonld appoint, a colored man to a place in his office.

Unless the Democracy takes the bull by the horns it will be forced to lay aside the candidacy of Norton, Sullivan Swift et al. Too many factions are creeping into the party and this must he done in the interest of harmony.

The query now remains unanswered why don't somebody go ahead and nominate a ticket? Both parties have been fuming and looking around waiting for the other to name its ticket, hoping thereby to gain vantage ground. We would suggest that delays are dangerous, gentlemen.

While the political wiseacres are sounding about, for timber, for the mayorality we would like to suggest the name of Dr. George Edenharter. Of the many candidates named we believe him to be the strongest. In the race he made two years ago he made the best fight and polled a larger vote than any of his party who ever made the race. An experienced politician and mixer and not a novice is what is needed to win in this uncertain campaign.

Sunday Rest Physiologically.

The question of Sunday work has, of course, a moral side, and it is that side which most strongly influences many who are striving to lessen the evil. Physiologists are universally agreed that men need, for purely phisiological reasons, one day's rest out of the seven. There is plenty of evidence upon this question, all pointing in the same direction, and the conclusion is inevitable that the almost universal desire of workmen for rest on Sunday, and their strong objection to working continuously every day, is the result of a natural physiological law, which, like all other laws of the kind, cannot be violated without some one having to suffer the penalty. There is good reason for believing that many railroad accidents are directly traceable to physical and mental exhaustion of trainmen, caused by the strain of severe and exacting duties, performed without relaxation for a period of time beyond that which is allowed by nature. And in the case of street railway employes, who are required to work from twelve to sixteen hours every day, Sundays included, it is probable that society suffers, and will suffer, a large share of the penalty. For the presence in the community of a considerable body of men to whom civilization means almost, if not quite, nothing, upon whom society has imposed burdens almost intolerable and infinitely heavier than are imposed by nature as a condition of living—we say that the presence of a body of men living under such conditions is a menace and a danger to republican institutions.—American Machinist.

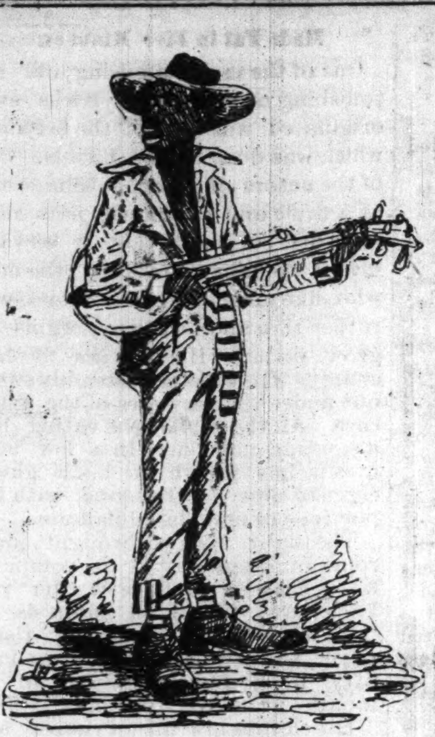
And Yet She Wasn't Tired.

"I'm awful tired," Dusenberry said as he flung himself into a chair after supper.

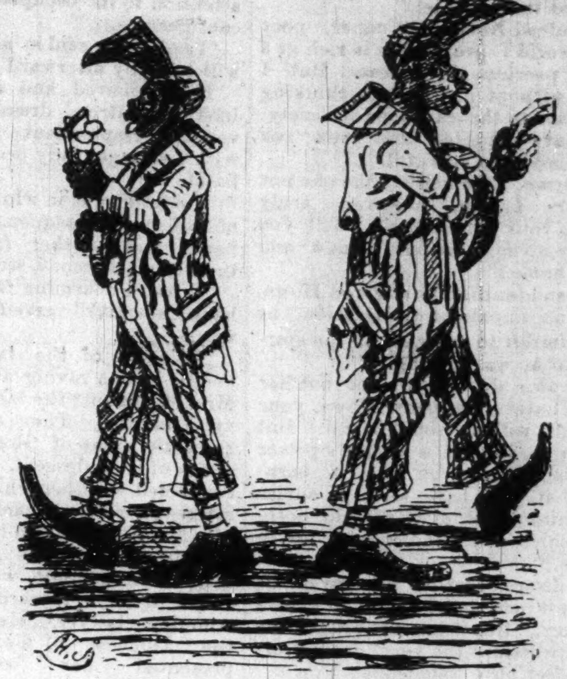
"What did you do to-day?" meekly asked his wife.

"Filled a large order, wrote three letters, went twice to the bank, and higgled with Branson until he threw $9 off his bill."

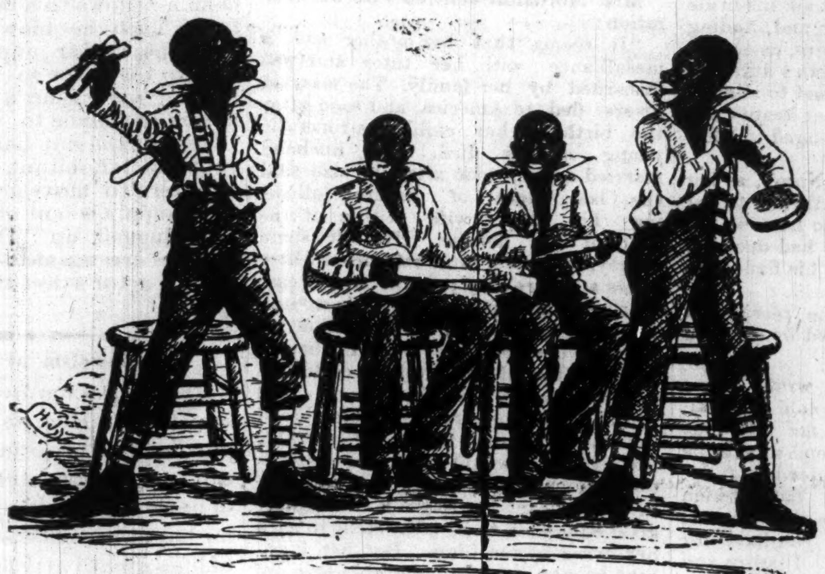
"And that made you tired, eh? Well, I prepared three meals, baked six loaves of bread, got the children ready for school, mended all your clothes, cleaned the stair-rods, stoned three pounds of raisions, picked five quarts of berries, weeded the flower bed, white-washed the cellar, and chased an impudent tramp off the premises. And I don't say that I'm tired, either!"—Detroit Free Press.



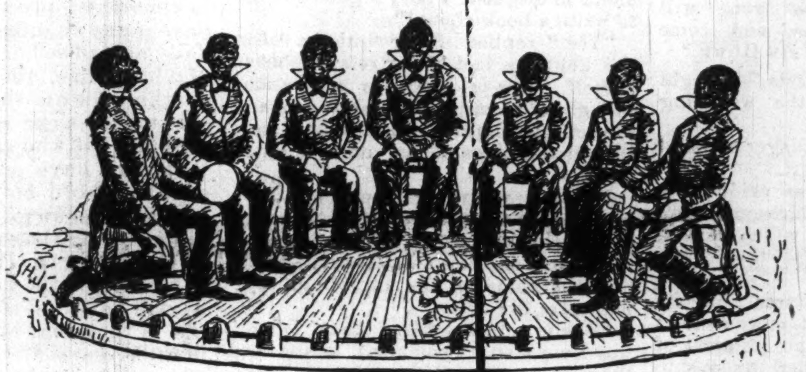
THE ORIGINAL NEGRO MINSTREL.



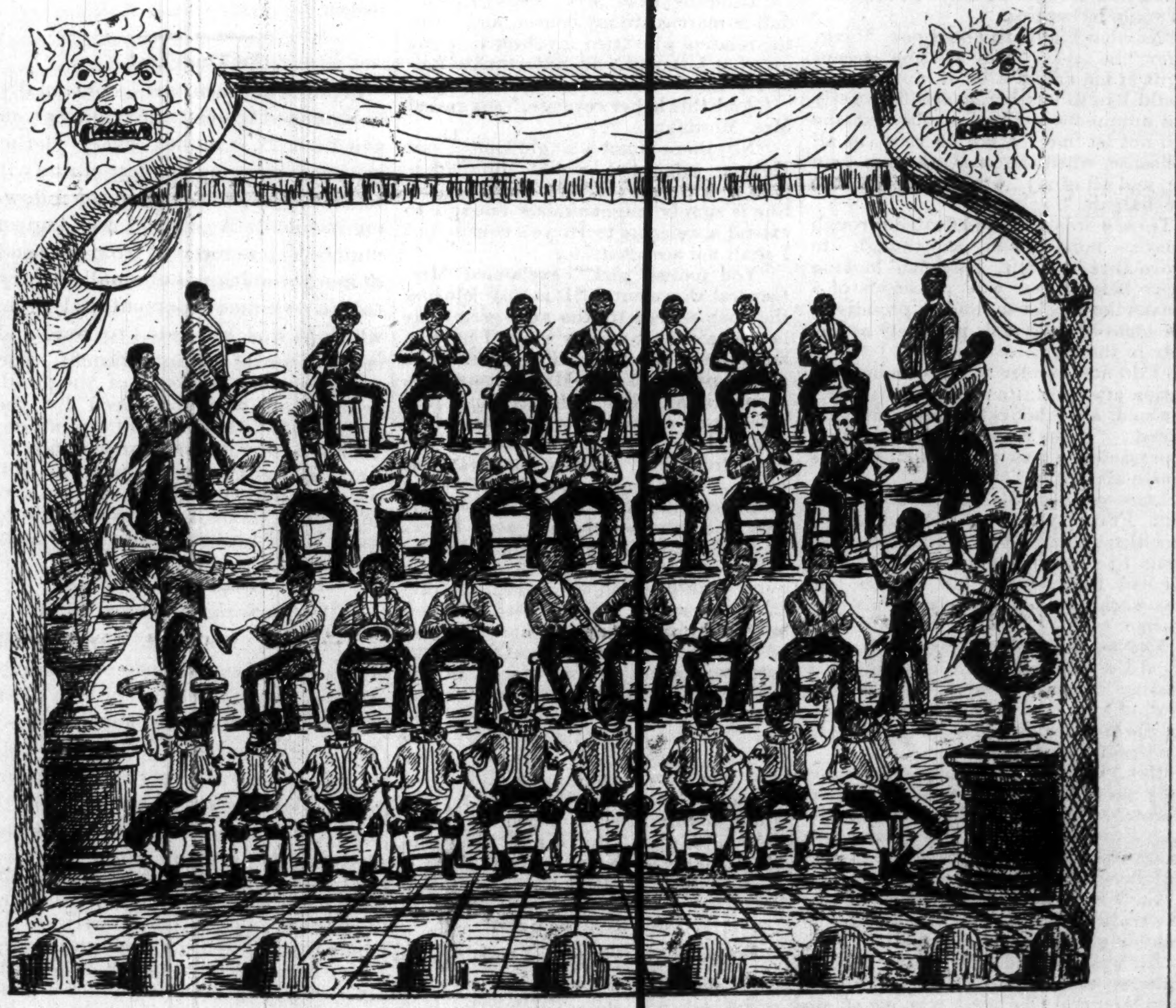
A STEP OR TWO IN ADVANCE.



THE BOYS GET THE BONES AND TAMBORINE



AND SET THE COUNTRY WILD WITH THE FIRST NEGRO MINSTREL TROUPE.



[A Scene from Hicks and Sawyers' Celebrated Colored Minstrels]

ITS PRESENT STATE OF DEVELOPMENT.

WHY DON'T YOU STOP?

Why don't you stop saying "nigger"? If you resent them, when a white man applies it to you, why do you use it yourself?

Why don't you stop running down enterprises conducted by men of your race? and join in, and strive to make a success.

Why don't you stop refusing to shave colored men in your barber shops? Are you too, not contending for equal rights? And you call yourself a man. Shame on such manhood!

When you are working around the houses of white people, why don't you stop telling them all of your business, and the short comings of your race.

Why don't you stop going around with a downcast head and a shuffling, ambling walk? Hold up your head; lift up your feet; and walk as though the blood of a free man flowed through your veins.

Why don't you stop using such expressions as these: "Oh, that's the way with our people," "bound for a nigger," "our people never know how to do anything." "Oh, them darkies are just talking, it ain't goin to mount to nothin," "tain't no more than I expected, who heard of colored people doing anything right." The world will take you at your estimate.

Why don't you stop fightiny the young men of your race? You have your day and will get all that belongs to you. Give the young men a chance.

Why don't you stop spending your money on excursions to summer resorts, campmeetings and picnics. You will need that money next winter. That is what keeps you so poor.

Why don't you stop telling all you know on every young girl in the community. She is doing about as well as you did.

Why don't you stop chewing gum? That is what spoils the shape of your mouth.—Afro-American Spokesman.

LIVELY TURNS OF THOUGHT.

Los Angeles is to build a sewer to the ocean at a cost of $3,000,000.

Eighty highway robbers were executed at Pekin on the 26th of April.

The offers received at Johnstown to adopt orphans is far in excess of the supply.

William Lincoln, who lives near Grafton, W. Va., has a cat that plays with rats but is death to snakes.

Cow's hair is now used in making carpets. The process is described as a cherp one and the product as an improvement on the woolen article.

The French Council of Hygiene has just forbidden the use of blue paper in the public schools, claiming that it was making France a near-sighted nation.

The people of Bonn have purchased the house in which Beethoven was born, with the intention of converting it into a museum of objects illustrating his life and works.

Napoleon the Great's favorite writing table, from Malmaison, has just been sold in Paris. It is rather an unwieldy piece of mahogany, with choice copper ornaments.

At the top of the Eiffel Tower, for a fee, specially prepared note paper, dated from the summit of the tower, is provided, and the writer can have the letter posted on the spot.

Bees settled in the top of a house near Atlanta, Ga., eight years ago, and the other day, when the gable end was removed, the entire roof was found to be filled with honey.

The "Monstuart" mansion of Lord Bute, near Rothesay, is said to have cost not less than $8,000,000, and is believed to be the largest and costliest private palace in existence.

The scepter of an Egyptian king has been examined chemically by Professor Berthelot, and proves to be nearly pure copper, with only traces of lead. It is supposed to be about six thousand years old.

A man in Coshocton has a safe that contains $125. It has been locked up three years, and he has forgotten the combination. Meanwhile he is awaiting the return of the agent of the safe company.

Jerusalem seems to be a rapidly growing city. This is due to the great number of Jews who are flocking there yearly. They now number 30,000 more than the moslem and christian population combined.

A Frenchman tried his flying machine in the suburbs of Paris the other day. He flew off a barn, and it will be several months before his broken legs will allow him to canter around as blithely as before.

The doctors of Cincinnati are divided in their opinions as to whether ice water is harmless or harmful, and meanwhile outsiders are doing as they please about it which is probably the best way to do.

Tulare Lake, in California, which was formerly twenty by thirty miles in extent, is now only fifteen by twenty. Although the water is strongly impregnated with borax and alkali, the lake is full of fish.

The Royal Meteorological Society of England is making a collection of photographs of lightning flashes. On each photograph is noted the time of the flash and the interval between it and the thunder.

Strawberries as large as teacups grow wild in Africa, and when a boy wants to knock a dog over he grabs for and hits him with a strawberry. But for this the boys and dogs of Africa couldn't have any fun.

A census of horses is being taken in Paris in order to give the authorities some idea of the animals available for military purposes should need arise. At the last census Paris contained 98,080 horses and 38 mules.

It is expected that the grape crop in California this season will be the largest in the history of the state. The wine production is estimated at from 30,000,000 to 35,000,000 gallons. The raisin crop will be a very heavy one.

A citizen in Virginia is seeking to have the sulphur springs of that state indicted as nuisances injurious to health. He has lived near one for three years, and he says that strawberries and dead hogs now smell alike to him.

Farmer John Landis, of Franconia township, Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, hanged himself to an apple tree a few days ago because his son would not heed the parents' objection to the erection of an addition to the barn.

There is a larger proportion of the boys and girls of New Jersey than of any other state in the union who go to Sunday-school. It appears by statistics recently taken that there are just about 280,000 children in the 1,997 Sunday-schools of New Jersey.

Marion Stubler, who lives near Cincinnati, when he went to clean his teeth the other night, picked up a bottle filled with some kind of acid, thinking it was a tooth wash and since then he has been going around town with a set of beautiful green teeth.

News comes from Tounga, Burmah, that Koh Pal Sah, a timber merchant there, has founded a new religion, which is described as a sort of mixture of buddhism and christianity. The disciples, who number several thousand, keep the christian Sunday and abstain from strong drink.

A curious feature in ornithology is reported from Eckington, Yorkshire, England, where a hen has hatched two chickens from one egg, both chichens being in a perfect state except that they are joined on one side of the membranes of the wing. Beyond this they walk about and feed in the usual manner.

LL. D.

When the college wants to compliment a visitor, or a benefactor, or one who may become a benefactor, and cannot make anything else out of him, it can always make him a doctor of laws. He may be a land speculator, or may have invented a cocking stove, or may be proficient in cuniform inscriptions, or may have found an asteroid, or may have put up a new brand of tobacco—it does not matter, LL. D. looks well after any man's name, and LL. D. it is.—Rev. Dr. Leonard Woolsey Bacon.

Cause for Hesitation.

"I'll take the rooms," he said, and then he timorously added: "I forgot to say that we've got five children."

"Bless your soul, that doesn't matter!" replied the landlord, "I have eleven."

"Since I think of it," rejoined the applicant, "I'll bring my wife around. She may not like the rooms."—Detroit Free Press.

RIDDLED WITH LEAD.

Miss Lucy Crandall had been invited to join Mrs. General Clermont's party for a season at Saratoga Springs, and the only obstacle to her acceptance of the kind offer lay in the fact that her faithful old family servant, Mehitable Cranch, had been called away to attend upon the lingering illness of a sister, and would probably be detained for weeks at her bedside.

Lucy had lived at the homestead since her parents' death, and had cared for and petted quite an army of domestics who had been left upon her hands.

They had gradually grown decrepit and superannuated, but her heart was too tender to have them made away with, and now she could not harbor the thought of shutting up the house and leaving them to forage for themselves.

In this emergency she concluded to leave her washerwoman in charge. She had only lived in the village a few months, but was a respectable looking woman, and a church member. She was glad of the offer, only stipulating that she should be allowed to have her stey-daughter come and stay with her.

Lucy consented cheerfully.

"I did not know that you had any family, Mrs. O'Connor. Where is the little girl?" she asked.

"She is at school with the Sisters, ma'am. Poor O'Connor left a little money, and I made up my mind that Norah should have the good of it in getting an education.

Norah O'Connor was not the little girl Lucy had pictured to herself in recurring to Mrs. O'Conner's words. She was fully sixteen, and had blossomed within the year into a rich, entrancing beauty.

Lucy had already gone when Norah came; so all through the summer she retained the impression that Mrs. O'Connor's step-daughter was a frolicsome child, drinking in her fill of country sights and sounds before autumn should take her back to the Sisters.

Lucy had few relatives; but her cousin Howe—an orphan like herself—had always been to her like a brother. He saw Lucy and her party safely off, and promised at the parting moment to look in at the homestead every day to see that all went satisfactorily there.

So Lucy cast care to the winds, and gave herself up to the enjoyments of the novel scenes which soon surrounded her, and amid which the first romance of her life began.

Such delicious moonlight rambles, when, amid the group of pedestrians, Lucy was the one invariably singled out by Vincent Frankland. But the season passed, and Lucy returned home with a new pain haunting her heart.

If Vincent Frankland loved her—as his actions had plainly showed—why had he remained silent?

Lucy's thoughts never once turned upon the real reason of Vincent's silence. She herself cared so little for money that a suggestion that her possessions were a barrier to Vincent having declared himself her lover would have brought an incredulous smile to her lips.

He was the last representative of a proud but impoverished family and had worked his way through college by taking private pupils. He had yielded to the perilous sweetness of the attraction which drew him toward Lucy, and all unwittingly had planted a thorn in her previously tranquil heart.

But he was equally a sufferer. Never before had he coveted wealth. Had he possessed the treasures of the Indies, he would cast them at her feet; but the one rich treasure which he could have offered—his heart— was withheld.

So the two parted—each to go a different way—each to carry a heart filled with pain along life's hitherto cloudless pathway.

Howe met Lucy at the station. He was so preocupied in his manner that Lucy noticed it and said at last:

"What are you thinking of, Cousin Howe? You have barely said half a dozen words since we met. Has anything happened?"

Howe colored at Lucy's question.

After a moment's silence, he answered in a low tone:

"Yes, Lucy something has happened, and if you have no objection, I will drive around the lake and explain it to you before I take you home."

"I hope it is nothing bad, Howe," said Lucy in a startled tone.

"That depends upon the way one looks at it. I am an interested party, and, of course, can not expect others to see through my eyes. The truth is, Lucy, I am going to be married, and as the world in general will cavil at my choice, I want to enlist you upon my side. You are so good and true yourself that I am sure goodness and innocence will weigh as heavily in the scales as worldly prominence, and—"

Lucy smiled at Howe's labored explanation.

"You dear boy! one would think you were going to marry a washerwoman's daughter to hear you. There isn't a girl worthy of you in the whole village; but they are all American princesses, you know. We have no aristocrats in America."

"I'm not so sure of that, Lucy. But wait until I tell you more about my wife that is to be. You hit the nail on the head in the beginning of your sentence. I am really going to marry the daughter of a washerwoman."

Lucy grew suddenly white. A troubled look came into her frank eyes.

"You don't mean to say that it is the little girl whom I gave Mrs. O'Conner permission to bring to my house, that has worked this mischief!"

"It is indeed Norah O'Conner, poor in this world's gear as she is rich in a woman's peerless loveliness. But I reckoned without my host in thinking you superior to the traditions of society. I might have expected that even you would be cold and scornful."

"No, Howe, I am neither the one nor the other. I am, however, truly grieved at your infatuation. Will you kindly say no more about it now and drive me home?"

Lucy's sudden dignity angered Howe, and with an impatient exclamation, he devoted himself to the care of the spirited animal he was driving.

At her own door Lucy put out her hand. "Whatever happens, Howe, your cousin Lucy will be your friend. But do not tax me beyond a woman's power of endurance. If you are in earnest in what you have said, I advise you to think well of it and do nothing for which you will be sorry for in the future."

"Your disapprobation has given me the greatest pain that I expect to experience, Lucy. But it has not altered my mind. I worship the very ground my darling's feet have touched."

"I only wish you may always feel so, Howe," was Lucy's rejoinder; "for a marriage out of one's station seldom confers lasting happiness."

The marriage took place, but Lucy did not attend it. Howe took his bride away for the wedding tour, and, finding so much enjoyment where, as no one knew anything about Norah's antecedents she could not be exposed to slights, and all did homage to her beauty and grace, their stay was prolonged indefinitely.

Lucy had never seen Norah, as her old housekeeper had returned to her place the week previous to her own arrival at home, and she had declined Howe's proposal to bring his fiancee to the house to introduce her.

A few months after, she received a note from him, accompanied by a sealed package.

"DEAR COUSIN LUCY," wrote Howe—"for so I shall always call you, although you have crossed me off your good books—I herewith send a tangible excuse for what you consider my folly. Look upon the pictured face—which does not do full justice to the original—and acknowledge that you have for once been a harsh judge. I assure you it is the index of a fine nature, which is daily developing into a luxuriant growth of goodness, and whose possessor is one of earth's most gifted souls in more ways than mere personal beauty. If you should conclude to come abroad I hope you will let 'bygones be bogones,' and come and join us. COUSIN HOWE."

"The glamour still lasts," thought Lucy, as she removed the wrapping paper from the picture.

But she wondered no longer when at last her eyes rested upon it.

It was taken in what was evidently a bridal dress, for orange blossoms were fastened in the soft lace which floated in transparent folds around the exquisite face and form.

It was not a rich costume, but its simplicity rendered it the more evident that its wearer needed no glimmer of silk or satin to add to her queenship in the ranks of womanly beauty.

As Lucy noticed the absence of rich accessories in Norah's dress she recalled some words spoken by Howe which had brought at the time a scornful smile to her lips.

"Norah is stubborn about one thing, Lucy," he said. "She will not accept a gift of me unless it be of flowers. I would like to buy her something costly and unique for her bridal robe, but she will not let me. I tell her it is all nonsense, when she will so soon own me, and all of my worldly goods into the bargain."

These words arose and floated through Lucy's mind now, as though to prove that the fair, patrician looking face before her was conscious of a heaven born right to hold as proudly to her ideas of right and propriety as any lady in the land.

"I do not wonder at Howe's hullucination after seeing a picture of his wife," she said, a few hours later to an intimate friend. "If she is as beautiful as she is represented, a man might well lose his senses about her."

Lucy occasionally heard from Vincent Frankland in an indirect way—now through a mutual acquaintance, or again by some newspaper notice of him. He had finished his law studies, and was working industriously at his profession.

The last newspaper paragraph with regard to him had chronicled the fact that he had been retained upon an important suit, and had taken passage upon the steamer Cambria to go abroad for needful evidence.

Mrs. General Clermont, the same lady who had chaperoned Lucy at Saratoga Springs, had long contemplated a European tour, and some three years after Howe's marriage she carried out her intentions.

Lucy went with her. At last she saw the realization of her girlish dreams of rambling amid historic scenes.

All was new and interesting; but one thing seemed strange to Lucy. At home Mrs. General Clermont was one of the leaders of society. Her movements were heralded by the reporters, and her dresses at the numerous receptions and parties "honored by her presence" were described much in the same way that the court journal discusses the doings of the royal family and of the charmed circle surrounding them. But abroad she was as little noticed as the humblest.

Her great wealth, however, was useful in procuring her every comfort and luxury; and daily did her glossy coated carriage horses draw her beautifully appointed equipage along the most approved haunts of aristocracy and fashion.

They were often accompanied by Mrs. Mordaunt, a member of the American colony in Paris, who had been stopping in London long enough to become versed in society gossip, and to know celebrites when she saw them.

One day they were driving leisurly along when a carriage passed with the ducal strawberry leaves upon its panels. Mrs. Mordaudt called her companion's attention to its occupants by a significant gesture.

"Look," she said in an undertone; "I will tell why afterward."

They obeyed and saw a dignified looking matron, dressed in black velvet and resplendent with brilliants, with a younger lady occupying the seat beside her.

The latter was in white, with a bunch of half-opened jacqueminot roses in her hand, and another fastened at her breast by a diamond-studded arrow.

"What a charming face! And where have I seen it?" asked Lucy in a quiet way.

"It is one of the faces fashionable people have a raving about," answered Mrs. Mordaunt; the lady is Mrs. Mervyn-Crandall. They call her by the romantic name of 'Rose of Erin,' and she is of Irish descent. There is a story connected with her which adds to the interest her beauty excites. She comes of a fine old family on her mother's side, and through her has just inherited a magnificent fortune, which was secured to her by the researches of a young American lawyer. Her companion is the Duchess of Goldborough, who presented her to the Queen at the last drawing-room."

But even without the name Lucy had placed that beautiful face. It was the same she had seen in the portrait sent to her by her cousin Howe.

Mrs. Mordaunt went on with her narration:

"It seems that her mother made a mesalliance with her tutor and was discarded by her family. The married lovers fled to America, and soon after the birth of her child the romantic young mother died. Her husband married again; soon after, he also paid the last debt of nature—following his first wife within three years of her demise. He left some money, and his second wife proved how noble a nature may exist in the breast even of an uneducated, low-born woman—for she was both of these. She religiously devoted her dead husband's money to the education of the child left upon her hands. She had never told Norah about the strain of noble blood she had inherited from her mother, fearing that it would give her aspirations which could never be realized. She had meant her to get a sufficiently good education to be competent to earn her living by teaching. But her innocent beauty won the honorable love of a wealthy gentleman, who married her, notwithstanding the opposition of his relatives, little thinking that the flawless pearl he had rescued from its lowly surroundings was to turn out a diamond in disguise. Isn't it good enough to write a book about?"

"Yes," replied Lucy quietly. But she kept the fact of her relationship to herself. Her pride rose in arms at the thought of seeming to wish to shine in the reflected light which emanated from the surroundings of the once slighted Norah.

But upon returning from their drive Lucy found the card of Mrs. Mervyn-Crandall awaiting her, and beside it lay the charming bit of pasteboard which bore the name of the high-born companion of her drive.

"She is nobler natured than I am," was Lucy's silent comment, as she read the names on the cards and then passed them to her companions.

"What does it mean, Lucy?" asked Mrs. Mordaunt. "It is almost like receiving notice from royalty."

"It means that Mrs. Mervyn-Crandall is married to my cousin, and I was the relative who tried my best to break up what I thought his unfortunate fancy for her."

"And this is her revenge," suggested Mrs. Mordaunt.

"No; there is not a single trait about Howe's wife but would do credit to a Princess of the blood royal. She is simply magnanimous enough to extend a welcome to Howe's cousin, but I shall not accept it."

"You foolish girl!" exclaimed Mrs. General Clermont. "It is just refusing the open sesame to the very creme de la creme of that society which I have an ambition to move in. For my sake be as forgiving as is Mrs. Crandall—though it is galling to forgive an injury when one's self is the transgressor."

But Lucy was not allowed to escape from her cousin's patronage so easily. The next morning brought them to her, and in their company was one whose presence sent Lucy's heart-blood thrilling through her veins so rapidly that it was all she could succeed in doing to keep from betraying her emotion. So she forgot to keep up the dignified role she had planned.

Vincent Frankland was the young lawyer who had restored Norah to her rightful place as heiress to her mother's estates, and his success had not alone enriched him but had given him more briefs than many older luminaries of the law can boast; and a wedding took place at St. George's Hanover Square, a few months after, at which the cynosure of all eyes (after Lucy, the bride, of course) was Norah, "The Rose of Erin."—N. Y. Truth.

The Human Hair.

When the hair is pulled from the human head it may be observed that the end which was implanted in the scalp is larger than the hair itself. This is the bulb or root from which the hair grows. A hair is, in fact, a delicate tube, round in straight-haired persons and flattened in the curly-haired. It is the flatness of the hair which makes it curl. Women have coarser hair than men. The average number of hairs on the head is about 120,000. This calculation is based upon the ascertained fact that a square inch of the head of a person who has an average head of hair contains by actual count 1,000 hairs approximatey. In early days the Kings of France used to pluck a single hair from the head and bestow it upon one of their attendants as a token of favor. The hair grows from eight to ten inches a year. It has been found that it grows faster in the day time than at night, and faster in summer than in winter. Light and sun evidently have an influence on the growth of the hair, as on the vegetable products.

Made Fat in Five Minutes.

One of the most amusing and astonishing of pantomine tricks ever originated was that of the fat man, which was done by the Ravels. One of the actors in the pantomine sits at a table and ravenously eats dish after dish of food that a servant brings to him. Presently the man who, like most ravenous eaters, was rather thin and scrawny, begins to grow plump. His clothes fit him snugly. His waistcoat steadily swells out under the very eyes of the audience. All the while he is eating like a sausage machine. In a few minutes he has grown to be a giant, eight or nine feet tall, and with the portions of an inflated balloon.

The sight always brought forth roars of laughter. It is comparatively easy to produce it after you know how. The food eaten is all "property food," made of tissue paper, that the actor chews up into little balls and takes out of his mouth whenever occasion offers.

His clothes are all of rubber and made to fit air-tight around the wrists and neck. In sitting down he puts the heel of one boot over a little trap in the stage. An assistant below couples a tube running from a bellows to a hole in the boot heel. Then he blows him up. It must be rather unpleasant sensation to the actor to feel that he is nothing more than a wind bag; but actors are made to suffer. By the time that the suit has grown so big that the inhabitant has to have a a lantern to move around in it, the wind supply is cut off and the boot heel plugged up. Then by an ingenious arrangement of springs under the actor's feet the height is acquired.

Heroism at Home.

How useless our lives seem to us sometimes! How we long for an opportunity to perform some great action! We become tired of the routine of home life, and imagine we could be far happier in other scenes. We think of life's great battlefield and wish to be heroes. We think of the good we might do if our lot had been cast in other scenes. We forget that the world bestows no such titles as noble as father, mother, sister or brother. In the sacred precincts of home we have many chances of heroism. The daily acts of self denial for the good of a loved one, the gentle word of soothing for another's trouble, the care for the sick, may all seem as nothing, yet who can tell the good they may have accomplished? Our slightest word may have an influence over another for good or evil. We are daily sowing the seed which will bring forth some sort of harvest. Well will it be for us if the harvest will be one we will be proud to garner. If some one in that dear home can look back in after years, and, as he tenderly utters our name, say: "Her words and example prepared me for a life of usefulness, to her I owe my present happiness," we may well say: "I have not lived in vain."—National Presbyterian.

No Time Lost,

Prominent men are continually importuned to read and comment on new books. It is not every victim that can bring as much tact and wit to his rescue as the one in the following incident: A certain well-known man of letters received from a friend of much ambition, but small literary talent, a volume of portentous length, which he was requested to read and criticise for its author's benefit. For a moment the recipient of the ponderous tome was staggered by the weight of the burden laid upon him; then a happy inspiration seized him, and snatching up his pen, he addressed to his tormenter the following note: "Dear X.—I have received your book, and shall lose no time in reading it!"

How to Secure Conjugal Bliss,

American girls would hardly relish the advice given at time of marriage to maidens in some parts of the East. When an Arab damsel gets married, her mother gives her the following advice for securing her future happiness: "You are leaving your nest to live with a man with whose ways and habits you are untamiliar. I advise you to be his slave if you wish to become the absolute mistress of your husband. Be satisfied with little, endeavor to feed him well and watch over his sleep, for hunger begets anger, and sleeplessness makes a man cross-grained. Be dumb as to his secrets, do not appear gloomy when he is merry, nor merry when he is sad, and Allah shall bless you."

To Bridge the English Channel.

Some years ago plans for a tunnel under the British channel were put before the public and the vast project would doubtless have been executed but for the caution of the government authorities, who feared the dangers of an invasion through such a roadway. Now comes a project, which seems to be well reckoned, for a bridge about 23 miles long from Cape Grisnez to Folkestone. The estimated cost of a bridge 100 feet wide, with four lines of rail and a carriage way, is $72,000,000. Even if the cost should be several times this amount, it is likely the traffic would justify the expenditure.— Boston Herald.

Why They Do Not Marry.

At a small party of workers and thinkers a few nights ago, says a letter writer in this city. I was in a group that discussed the distaste for marriage which characterizes the girlhood of the day. One young lady had fortified herself with a newspaper clipping on the subject, which she drew from her pocket and read, as further substantiating her position. It was to the effect that husband-hunting maidens, young or old, were very much scarcer than of yore; that instead of being anxious to marry, girls were slow of inducement in that direction.

"It is true," said the young lady. "I scarcely know a girl who wants to marry. They are learning something in the way of a profession, something that will interest them as well as support them, two roles in which husbands just now fail. The truth is, we are all scared away from any desire to marry by seeing how wretched those who do marry are. Where would we look for husbands? Among the 'snips' and 'sports' and characterless young men that fill our drawingrooms? They are insufferable as mere acquaintances or beaux; who would contemplate them as husbands? I have always thought that if I could find a young man at all like my father I could love him and marry him; but that school of men has vanished from the younger ranks."

Nobody doubts that she expressed the convictions of a large representation of young women. Their lack of interest in marriage is not due to the larger activities which continually open before women, but to the unattractive, unreliable material in the way of husbands. Women are women, and would love and marry as readily to day as when the earth was new, if they came in cantact with men who aroused their respect and admiration. The order of maidenhood that could content itself with an inferior article of husband, merely for the sake of being married, has also vanished. The young woman of the period has too much character and self respect to dread being an old maid so much as that she would contract an uncongenial union to escape it.

The same evening I had a chat with my bright young hostess about inefficient men, a sort of annex to the conversation just recorded. She wondered what would become of the human race if the men kept on deteriorating at the rate of the last twenty years. She declared it was almost exceptional for the young men of first class society to support their wives. They married into rich families, and at the end of two or three years were pensioners on the the relations of their wives. "It is astonishing," she said, "how few young women who are supposed to be rich really depend upon their husbands for luxuries, or even support. Their fathers or grandfathers furnish the money that supplies their homes oftener than the outside world knows of. Indeed, the daughter of the rich man is more to be pitied than the girl who fights poverty. She sees fewer real men. Naturally she fancies that her ideal men must be somewhere, since they are not within her own circle, and she looks for them in extraordinary shoes—on the box of her father's coach and on huckster's wagons, or on the stage. Anything in the nature of efficiency attracts her, because she is sick of inefficiency. The man who can drive a coach may be very unsteady in his grammar, but his mastery of the horse appeals more to her imagination than the fine phrases of an inefficient dude. It indicates a certain degree of force and strength, and all women like that in men."

"Do you think the class of inefficient men are really increasing?" I asked.

"Alarmingly, and in all ranks of society," but most among the rich. I scarcely know a married woman intimately who feels secure, who has confidence in her husband's energy, ability and efficiency. Look at the number of married women engaged in some kind of business! It all means something. I don't know what, but certainly it is the reverse of promising for the future greatness of man."

Family Names in Norway.

M. L. Perrin in Zions Herald.

Here at Laerdal a mystery has been unraveled. While waiting recently for a primitive shoemaker to sew up a rent, I saw that he wanted to talk. I seized the opportunity to make him tell his grandfather's name, his father's, his own, his son's, his grandson's, and, in the event, the possible names for his "sonssonsson." I have been driven furious in trying to discover relationships. Grave-yards, even family grave-yards, have given no clew. Now I have it! Suppose a man's name is "Frithjem." That means he owns a house and farm, the name of which is Frithjem. Bear in mind, the feudal system doesn't exist in Norway, as in Sweden and in a measure all over Europe. In fact, the last trace of rank and prerogative of any kind was abolished in 1821. Land is not rented to the many by the few. Each man owns his own land in this thoroughly democratic country; or, rather, more strictly speaking, the land possesses that man for the time and the farm gives him his name, say Frithjem. Now the man's individual name is Ole. His child is christened Olaf, say. The rest of the child's name is, not Frithjem, but "Ole's son;" the whole name is Olaf Oleson. The son of this child, if christened Nil, will have for a whole name Nil Olafson. The "s" or the possessive genitive is sometimes retained, making the possible name of the latter's son, Ole Nilsson. In this swinging back and forth of Ole Nilsson and Nil Oleson among the apparently unconnected sons and grandsons who have no name in common, the name of Frithjem is lost sight of except as the name of the farm and of the old man. When he dies, the son who keeps the farm, generally the eldest, receives the name—the only inheritable title in the land. The other children go off to America nowadays, or perhaps a son builds a house on some hitherto considered inaccessible ledge, and having first named the farm, receives from it a family name. If he doesn't found a colony he never has any "other name." Frightful work for genealogists! The daughters signify their relationship by putting datter on the end of their father's first name; as Johanna Nilsdatter. Of course, in the cosmospolitan cities, the modern European fashion has to a great extent supplanted the older; but the foregoing dissertation explains the fact that about every body's name ends in son or sen, Anglicized. The letter is neither "o" nor "e" but a distinct letter in the Norwegian alphabet. This also helps explain the abundance of names which a community of 100 inhabitants may have, according as the speaker calls the place by the name of the church, of the prominent feature in the landscape, or of the farm which after his notion is the most important in the place.

The Cost of Living.

One of the most perplexing questions in political economy is that of the cost of living. It enters into many other questions, and hitherto it has been considered nearly impossible to reach right figures as to the cost of living. We do not assume that this has been correctly done even yet, but an effort has been made in that direction. The trouble with all such estimates is that the data varies. That is, in times of prosperity more is expended on living than in times of adversity. Edwin Atkinson has gathered some data, which, however, is too meager to admit of its being regarded of great importance. It is a start, however in that direction and points to a feasible method for ascertaining the result. He selected a town in Massachusetts and one in Maryland to experiment, and both sexes were included in the estimate. The cost in the Massachusetts town was something larger than that in Maryland; but the two were averaged, and on this basis the estimate was extended to the entire population. The several classes of population were included and the experiment continued six months. Thus it will be seen that the data is imperfect, owing to the limited character of the experiment. But, so far as it goes, it is very suggestive. It renders it easy to form a proximate opinion of the cost of living in average comfort in this country.

The cost per individual is 23.85 cents per day—in Maryland it being 19½ cents, and in Massachusetts 28 cents a day. This makes $86.81 per year. A family of five at this rate can live for 434 05. This includes, however, only the food. Meat, poultry, fish, dairy, eggs, flour, meal, vegetables, sugar, syrup, tea, coffee, fruit green and dry, salt, spice, ice, etc., make up the items. House rent, clothing and the incidentals, aside from food, are not included. As these figures are based on the cost of living of mechanics and servants, it will be seen that the average is low. It shows, however, that our working classes live fairly well so far as the element of food is concerned. But it also proves that an average of at least $2 a day must be earned to support a family of five. Also, that $4,340,000,000 are annually expended by our 50,000, 000 of population for food alone. In no country in the world do the people average so high in the cost of living. Good living promotes health, and is a sign of intelligence. Were a people so poverty stricken as to be compelled to live poorly, the effect on the nation would be bad. Whether we advance in the better elements of civilization or retrograde, depends on our living.—Philadelphia Call.

A Favored Boy.

A new and noticeable figure among the numerous dignitaries and officials in the suite of the Shah Persia is a young boy of twelve, whom the Shah has covered with dignities and titles, and who is an object of envy and fear to most of his Majesty's Ministers. His name is Goolamali Khan. He is the director of the Corps of Roy Pages, and one of his titles is Aziz us-Sultan, "Favorite of the Monarch." Neither Minister, Vizier, nor royal Prince has ever yet been allowed to sit at the Shah's table, but Goolamli Khan is an exception to this law of the Persians. He is constantly by his Majesty's side, and has more servants to wait upon him than any two of the royal Ministers. The explanation of this extraordinary treatment is to be found in the Persian monarch's conviction that his life is inseperably and mysteriously bound up with that of Goolamali Khan, and that wise men have foretold that the Shah's death will be preceded only a few days by that of his young favorite; that the health and prosperity of the latter will mean the health and prosperity of the former; and that generally whatever befalls this little one will also happen to his royal protector. This belief has resulted in the boy's leading a life of ease and luxury unknown to the most fortunate courtiers in Teheran. He was seated on the knees of two magnificent grandees on the Shah's entry into St. Petersburg.

Some Curious Animal Remains.

A man named Shumway, while diging a well near Livingston, Banner county, has found a portion of the jaw of some extinct monster containing two teeth, one of which is ten inches long and four wide, and weighs seven and one half pounds. The animal is supposed to have been a species of fish, as fragments were found of fins about as large as a man's hand. The skull is long and flat and has a horn between the eyes nearly two feet long and resembling that of a rhinoceros.—Omaha Cor. St. Louis Republic.

IS OIL PLAYING OUT?

Prof. Carll of the Pennsylvania Geological Survey Takes a Gloomy View.

New York special to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat: John F. Carll is Assistant Geologist of the state of Pennsylvania, and for several years it has been his especial business to collect statistics and all available information regarding petroleum and natural gas. Prof. Carll lives at Pleasantville, Venango county, Pa., in the heart of the great petroleum fields, and has had opportunities of making a careful study of the oil industry. His geological reports made for the state are invaluable to the trade and are eagerly sought after, both by producers and speculators.

In conversation with Prof. Carll he expressed to the writer some rather sensational opinions regarding the future supply of petroleum. Notwithstanding other views are taken by producers, Prof. Carll says the petroleum fields of Pennsylvania are being rapidly drained, and at the present rate of exhaustion it will not be many years until the question of supplying the world with petroleum will be a most serious one. "For the past year," said Prof. Carll, "the supply was 5,000,000 barrels short of the demand, as gauged by former years, and every day the demand is more and the supply much less. A few years ago the reverse was the case. Stocks were piling up at the rate of 2,000,000 barrels per month, or about that, and now they are being decreased at the rate of 1,000,000 barrels a month, and have been for the past year. This shortage in the supply includes the large production of the Ohio fields, where extraordinary results have been obtained in the way of large wells." There are now something like 12,000,000 barrels of petroleum in tanks in the Ohio field, but this was because Ohio oil was not yet used extensively as an illuminant.

Prof. Carll was asked his opinion regarding the probable extent of the Ohio field, and said he believed it would be found much less in extent than the trade and the public generally believed. There have been opinions expressed that the yield of the Ohio field could be increased to 100,000 barrels a day. He thought it would not last long at this rate of production. "When this field comes to be entirely defined," he said, "it is pretty sure to fall very much below the expectations that are now held out for it." When asked if he thought Ohio oil would ever be successfully refined and enter the market as a competitor of the Pennsylvania product, he said: "I certainly hope so. Without this oil I can not see where the world's supply is too come from, and it would be a very great hardship to the people if they had to give up this cheap and popular illuminant. Neither gas nor electricity, in my judgement, can ever take its place as a means of illumination for the masses. And yet, with the known fields being as rapidly exhausted as they are, I look before many years for a great scarcity of petroleum." Bradford was the field that produced such an extraordinary quantity of oil, piling up the stocks in tanks until they reached 36,000,000 barrels, with the field still yielding 60,000 barrels a day or thereabouts. In regard to the possibility of another such field being discovered, Prof. Carill said he believed there was absolutely no likelihood of it. The number of experimental wells that had been drilled in search of another Bradford sand in all parts of the country seemed to establish the fact that Bradford was unique and alone. He did not believe that such a petroleum deposit as this would ever be found in any country in the world. The Bradford field and its annex in Allegany county, N. Y., are apparently being drained to the dregs. At one time the production of the field was as high as 105,000 barrels every twenty-four hours. Now it is down below 20,000, possibly as low as 18,000 barrels. Bradford has produced about 56,000,000 barrels of oil, and a pool that will yield the fifty-sixth part of this is something that the oil producer is eagerly looking for. Prof. Carll said there were yet possibilities of opening up small pools that would produce from 1,000,000 to 3,000,000 barrels, even in some of the old fields, such as Venango, Warren and Bulter counties, in Pennsylvania, but even these possibilities were growing more and more remote. The Cogley field, which has produced about 3,000,000 barrels, was the last extensive field found in Venango county, and this was perhaps as large a field as would ever be found there again.

Considerable exploring has been done in Kentucky for petroleum, and Prof. Carll was asked his opinion in regard to the likelihood of oil being found in that state in paying quantities. He thought from his observations in that state that Kentucky would yet produce considerable oil, but nothing in comparison with Pennsylvania. The oil-bearing sands underlie a portion of Kentucky and lap over into Tennessee, and here petroleum would be found, but in limited quantities. As to Texas, he was of the opinion that experiments there would never be profitable. Prof. Carll, before he became connected with the Geological Survey, went into Texas, in Nacogdoches county, to superintend the drilling of experimental wells there for a company of capitalists who had great faith in the country, because of alluring surface indications of oil. After drilling a well or two and noting the various strata of rock, he was convinced that petroleum in paying quantities would not be found there. The company decided, however, to prosecute the work, and only abandoned it after spending $50,000 without any return. This was very soon after the early discoveries in Pennsylvania, and since that time other capitalists have continued experiments from time to time with not very gratifying results. Two companies, composed largely of New Orleans business men, are now drilling wells in Nacogdoches county, but so far there has been no money made at it. One company opened up a well that produced 100 barrels a day of a lubricating oil. Two or three other good wells were soon struck in the same vicinity, and this encouraged the company to expend a large amount of money in building a pipe line to get their oil to a railroad, some seventeen miles; but the wells soon ceased to yield, and the expensive pipe line has never had a barrel of oil pumped through it. The three or four wells had exhausted the pool, and twenty-five or thirty wells drilled since have not opened up another rich spot, and probably fifty wells will not.

The opinion expressed by Prof. Carll that the great oil fields can not much longer be relied upon to supply the world with a cheap illuminant is likely to set commercial people thinking.

Let the Authorities Act.

The admonition is made in many quarters that America is America and that its adopted citizens are not loyal unless they become solely and distinctly Americans. In pretty much the same quarters it is inconsistently demanded that as the circumstances point strongly to the probability that Dr. Cronin was murdered by Irishmen resident in America it behooves all Irishmen now Americans to rise up and clear their skirts of the atrocious crime. The professedly Irish-American publications are asked to denounce the murderers and Irish-Americans generally are admonished that upon them devolves specially the duty of assisting in ferreting out the perpetrators of the crime.

There is manifest absurdity in the position that Irish-American citizens shall appear in no other character than that of citizens of America and that they shall be particularly active as Irishmen in rendering aid to the authorities in upholding the law. This confusion aside the position is wrong. The great mass of Irishmen in America have no more to do with the assassination of Dr. Cronin, nearly or remotely, than the great mass of Americans who in political conventions and state assemblies have passed resolutions eulogistic of Gladstone and Parnell. Responsibility for the perpetration of the awful crime does not rest upon them. They are not under any moral indictment. They have no skirts to clear. Nor have they any duty in relation to the execution of the law against flagrant violators thereof that is not equally obligatory upon their fellow-citizens. Yet some of them respond to the imputation that in some special manner they must bring forth fruits meet for repentance and the absolution of their race. And they propose to unite with another extra judicial, intermeddling, and, therefore, mischievous lot of amateurs, the Citizen's association, in a public effort to further what they call the cause of justice. Their position is unsound. If some damnable assassins wreak private vengeance upon an Irishman who is an American, and these wretches are also Irishmen and American citizens, no honest man is called upon merely because he is of the same race to show by extraordinary zeal for the enforcement of the law against murder that he is not in sympathy with assassins. Every Irishman isn't every other Irishman's keeper. Because Cronin perished under the blows of men who there is good reason to suppose have the same country for a birthplace an indictment does not lie against all who were born there.

Cook county is ample able to assert the prevalence of the law. No reasonable bill that the duly constituted authorities create in the prosecution of the inquiry into the murder of Dr. Cronin can be rejected. The power of the law's office is ample. The resources of the county are inexhaustible. Zeal and intelligence are not lacking in the prosecution. Wherefore, let well alone.—Chicago Times.

ONE of the most striking spectacles recently seen in Madrid was the burial of the mother of the celebrated bullfighter Frascuelo. It appears that she was a very timid woman and lived in constant alarm during his encounters. Her death took place during his last great fight, when he killed six bulls. Frascuelo showed his love of his mother by giving her a princely burial, which is estimated to have cost him over £600. The coffin, which was in lead and gold, was carried from the house to the hearse by six banderilleros, and was drawn by eight horses to the churchyard, accompanied by over 160 carriages.

The boy who goes barefooted has many a bootless chase.

Bathing in Cold Water.

T. W. Newman, M. D., in St. Louis Magazine.

Concerning bathing of the body, I think our sanitarians are very extravagant, and they have done a great public mischief by setting the great towns to plunder the rivers of their supplies from the head streams.

Even the prophet Mohammed, a great fanatic of cleanliness, regarded friction with sand as compensatory for washing.

If any one supposes that the limbs and trunk of the body cannot be kept as perfectly clean by rubbing as by any amount of washing, I say he has something to learn.

All the hardy barbarians of the north have, at all times, been reproached by southern people for their neglect in washing.

The old Romans did not—as a nation—betake themselves to baths till an era of effeminacy set in.

The Scythians of Herodotus were reported not to wash; but in cold weather, at distant intervals, to cover their bodies with a hot spicy paste. It dried on them, and dropped off when cold, leaving the flesh clean.

Northern races know that cold water takes strength out of them, and they do not volunteer to touch it. Their practice has more weight with new than recent theories.

"Mamma's Gittin' Better:"

There is gladness in the household;
The shadow fades away
That darkened all the sunshine
Of many a summer day.
"O, mamma's getting better,"
The happy children cry,
And the light of hope shines bright again
In the loving husband's eye.

In thousands of homes women are "sick unto death" with the terrible diseases so common to their sex, and it would seem as if all the happiness had gone out of life and the household in consequence. For when the wife and mother suffers all the family suffers with her. This ought not to be, and it need not be, for a never-failing remedy for woman's ailments is at hand. Many a home has been made happy because the shadow of disease has been banished from it by the potent power of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—the unfailing remedy for all weaknesses and diseases peculiar to women.

$500 Reward offered for an incurable case of Catarrh by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Remedy. 50 cts., by druggists.

Home-Made Soap.

Good Housekeeping.

I have found a way in which I can make soap while waiting for the tea-kettle to boil for supper. It is very easy. Get of a druggist or grocer a pound-box of the pulverized lye now sold cheaply and in convenient shape. It will cost you fifteen cents. It comes in a neat can which can be opened with any penknife. Dissolve this lye in three pints of cold water. The lye heats the water and you must wait till the heat passes off before making your soap. Melt your grease and strain through a cheese-cloth and weigh five and a half pounds. A soon as this melted grease is cool enough to bear your hand in pour grease and lye together and stir thoroughly a few minutes and you will see it thicken. Now pour into a box or dripping-pan lined with greased paper and let it stand in a warm place for twenty-four hours, then cut into bars. It will be ready for immediate use, will keep growing better, is clean and thoroughly satisfactory for dish-washing and the laundry, makes a good suds and is economical, having cost you only fifteen cents, the price of your lye, as the grease was saved at odd times. It can be made without fire, as you see it does not have to be boiled or even have boiling water added. Our laundress uses it and says "It is good," and she is apt to be critical.

A Boomerang.

Agitated Party—I tell you I don't want to subscribe for your measly book. Wouldn't be seen with the dod-ratted thing 'round my place. Git out!

Canvasser—'Xcuse me, Mr. Copples. It's one of your publications that you hired me to run around with yesterday. I was just practicing a bit before I started out.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder and delicious Flavoring Extracts are exactly as represented, free from all adulterations, and the most perfect made.

A Moving Plaint.

Lawrence American.

George—Will you—

Alice—Oh, this is so sudden.

George—Not a bit of it. That hair-pin of yours has been sticking into my shoulder for the last twenty minutes and I can't stand it any longer. Will you please move a little?

The actor who lost over $100,000 at faro in New York will have to play a great deal better than that this Winter if he expects to make good his deficit.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Health Hints and Suggestions.

St Louis Magazine.

What Causes Headache:—1. Overstudy. 2. Overwork indoors. 3 Neglect of the bath. 4. Want of fresh air in bedrooms, 5 Nervousness however induced. 6. Want of abundant skin exercise. 7. The excitement inseparable from a fashion life. 8. Neglect of ordinary rules that conduce to health. 9. Over indulgence in food, especially of stimulating character. 10. Weakness or debility of body however produced. This can only be remedied by proper treatment.

The researches of Dr. F. W. East, an English physician, have shown that infection may be conveyed in a moist and quiet atmosphere from small pox hospitals to houses in the vicinity.

A drunkard's nose is never an object of pride and joy, swollen, red, carbuncular, livid, loathsome as it is. If the possessor of such a nose, could conveniently examine his internal anatomy, he would find that his brain, stomach, liver, lungs, heart, and kidneys are exact counter parts of his nose. It might then seem to him a hint to quit drinking. Mayor Archibald, of Jacksonville, Florida, says of the yellow fever, that "two-thirds of the fatality is due to the fact that persons have been acustomed to the use of strong drink before they are attacked with the fever, and every such case the patient invariably dies, and without reaction."

The Grand Prerequisite of Vigor.

The dual operation of digestion and assimilation is the grand prerequisite of vigor. To insure the conversion of food into rich nutritious blood, it is only necessary to use with persistence and systematically Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The fountain head of supply in the animal economy is the stomach. To regulate, to invigorate that organ, and thus facilitate its digestive and assimilative processes, should be the chief aim of those troubled with a deficit of stamina. Nervousness, insomnia, feeble appetite—these are usually traceable to impaired digestion. Overcome this and you of necessity dismiss its multifarious, perplexing and harassing symptoms. The emaciated can never hope to gain flesh so long as assimilation is imperfect. The Bitters surmounts the only obstacle to an increase not only of vigor, but of bodily substance. Conquer also with the Bitters, malaria, kidney and liver complaint, constipation and rheumatic trouble. Thoroughness characterizes its effects.

It matters not how it is regarded, the shooting of judge Terry was another victory for the American Nagle.

When Dobbins' Electric Soap was first made in 1864 it cost 20 cents a bar. It is precisely the same ingredients and quality now, and doesn't cost half. Buy it of your grocer and preserve your clothes. If he hasn't it, he will get it.

It is believed by leading jewelers that the proposed Diamond Trust would be a glittering success.

E. A. ROOD, Toledo, Ohio, says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured my wife of catarrh fifteen years ago and she has had no return of it. It's a sure cure" Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Mr. Oyster is making a great stew about his being bounced from the public printing office in Washington.

If the Sufferers from Consumption,

Scrofula and General Debility will try Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, they will find immediate relief and a permanent benefit. Dr. H. V. Mott, Brentwood, Cal., writes: "I have used Scott's Emulsion with great advantage in cases of Phthisis, Scrofula and Wasting Diseases. It is very palatable." Sold by Druggists.

A Pocket Cigar Case and five of "Tansill's Punch," all for 25c.

Slavin's Infallible Female Tonic, as a female regulator, for all female complaints, such as weaknesses, change of life, painful or suppressed menstruation, has no equal. It relieves instantly. If your druggist does not keep it send at once to S. I. F. T. Co., Indianapolis, Ind., for full particulars.

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Read Dr. Sarber's card in another column.

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For 10 Years. Thayer, Ia., Aug. 22, 1888.
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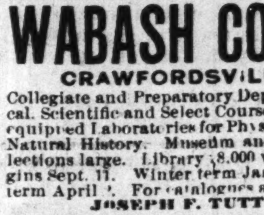

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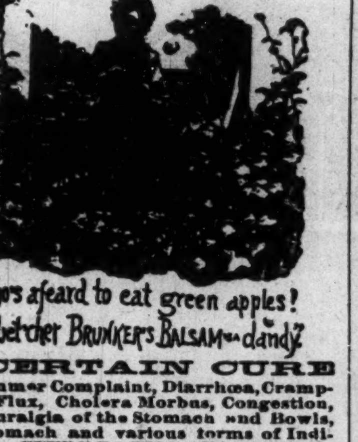

"Who's afeard to eat green apples!
You betcher Brunker's Balsam's dandy."

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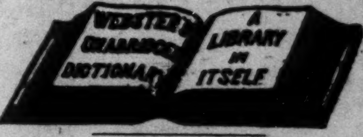

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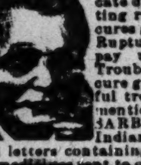

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Please state age and business experience. Never mind about sending stamp for reply. B. F. J. & CO.

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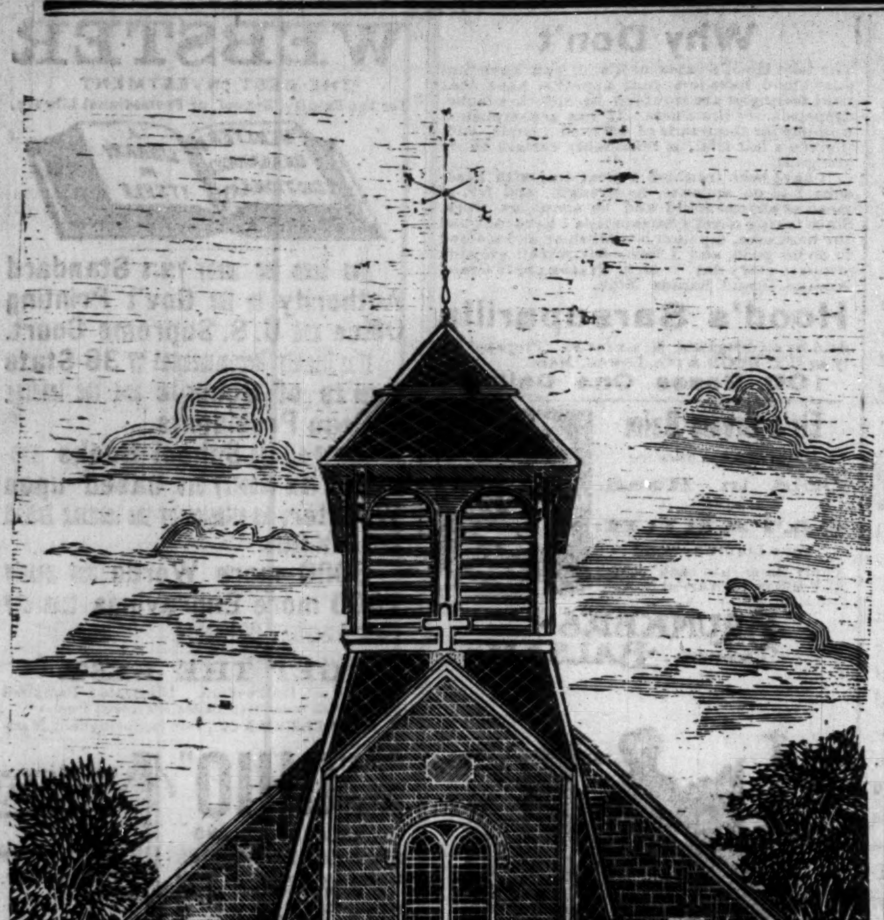

THE ZION BAPTIST CHURCH,
Denver, Colorado.

LOCAL NEWS.

A grand rally at Simpson Chapel tomorrow.

Mrs. C. Hilliard is very ill with consumption.

Miss Ida Webb is visiting in Waukesha. Wis.

Mrs. Henry Kalton is visiting friends in Chicago.

Mrs. N. P. Gardner is visiting friends in Leavenworth, Kan.

Messrs Ben Mann and Sam Spencer are polling the fourth ward.

Rev. E. H. Fletcher of Lafayette, Ind., was in the city this week.

The Pinchbacks vs the Black Socks at the ball patk next Wednesday.

Mr. Owen our popular druggist still asks for a share of your patronage.

Jones & Wamack are making a grand success in the grocery business.

Miss Estella B. Hart has returned home after a pleasant visit in Cincinnati.

Mr. J. H. Thomas returned to Evansville to take charge of his school this week.

Mrs, G. O. Curtis delivered a very interesting lecture last Wednesday evening at Simpson Chapel.

There are three Creole members of the Pinchback base ball club which will play in this city next Wednesday.

Our public schools open Monday and it is the imperative duty of every parent to see that their children go at once.

Rev. G. L. Jordon, the temperance orator and a man of fine attainments is now out in Dakota doing temperance work.

Mr. John Harding, of Chicago, after an absence of five years made his old friends of this city a visit of a few days last week.

The Thornton Guards were tendered a reception last Monday evening by the members and friends of Blackford Street Church.

Hon. J. S Hinton, O. W. Allison Sweeny and Mr. G. L. Knox, were the leading speakers at the Emancipation celebration at Rushville, Indiana, last Monday.

Mr. Lawrence Newby who stood second on the list of eligebles for letter carriers in the recent local Civil Service examination; was appointed last Monday.

If the men and boys who are playing oontz continually. would put their money in some building association they would have less business out at the work house.

The Pinchbacks, the crack colored base ball club of New Orleans and the Black Socks of this city will play a championship game at the ball park on Seventh street next Wednesday. The game will be called at 3:30 p. m. Ladies free.

Mr. Felix Davis has the contract for the new business block which is being built by Duncan & Heston at 33 and 35 Kentucky Ave. One of the most pleasing features as well as the most encouraging is that the entire force is colored, masons and all.

Labor day was well observed. Nearly all fhe organized labor bodies participated in the street demonstration, including the Hod Carriers' Union (colored) and it was the first time that the colored people ever took any active part on labor day in this city.

We failed to note in last weeks issue that our distinguished friend and citizen, Mr. W. H. Demory, of Winchester, Ind., was in the city. Mr. Demory is a large land owner in Randolph county and a very prominent citizen in that bailawick, being a member of both the State Agricultural and Haulcultureal Boards. He thinks of moving to this city for permanent residence.

Now that the bell of the excursion train has ceased to ring it is your duty to begin saving your money, for fall is and winter will soon be here, you will then be reminded of the many much needed dollars you froliced away last summer. When the ground is covered with snow and you are out of a job with exchequer low, you will fully realize what a foolish thing it is to keep buying railroads several times a year without receiving a part of the yearly dividends. The custom should be sat upon as being injurious and the race leaders should set the example.

The members of the Pinchback ball team are as follows: Hopkins, pitcher; Bryant, catcher; Hall, 1st base; Williams, 2d base; Murray 3d base; Douglass, short-stop; Feward, left field; Ross, center field; Joseph, right field; Arnold extra; Walter L. Cohen, M'gr.

Another Statue.

The Hon. Lambert Tree has earned the gratitude of Chicagoans by presenting to Lincoln park a bronze statue of the great explorer. and discover, Robert Cavelier de La Salle. This statue Mr. Tree, during his official residence in Belgium, caused to be executed by Count Jacques de Lalaing, a distinguished Belgium sculptor, who is said to have wrought a fine work of art. As soon as a site has been selected Mr. Tree will proceed with the erection of the pedestal.

It is fitting that La Salle should be thus commemorated in the city over whose territory he raised the flag of France more than 200 years ago. We are too careless of the fame of those heroes whose bravery reclaimed the wilderness and opened a path for the march of civilization. These men were not mere adventurers, forcing their way into a new country out of a desperate love of gain. They were missionaries carrying the banner of the cross among the hostile tribes, or explorers discovering vast empires for the glory of their king. They endured terrible privations, braved the hostility of savage tribes, suffered sickness and death in the cause of civilization which we have built upon the foundations they laid. La Salle was a man of brilliant courage and daring imagination. When first he left his native country for Canada his mind was filled with a desire of reaching the Pacific ocean and sailing thence to China and Japan—this at a time when in those secluded countries foreigners were little better than reptiles and worthy only of instant death. But the Canadian governor did not encourage this bold project. In fact France took so little interest in the discoveries of Marquette and others who were adding an empire to the king's domain that Louis XIV. forbade his governor to authorize new expeditions, "excepting in a great necessity." La Salle traveled to France, however, pleaded at court, and finally obtained an outfit, with which he explored the great states of the Mississippi valley and followed the mighty river to its mouth

It was toward 1681 that La Salle sailed into the Chicago river, which by some inadvertence of fate was then labeled the Divine river—a title which time has not confirmed. Little did the hero think as he waded through the marshes that a great city would at last rise over them and a vast commerce make its home on that sluggish stream; still less that the wilderness which treated him so inhospitably would one day accord him a statue. The reparation is tardy, but it comes at last through Mr. Tree's generosity. The world is to receive at last some proof that we remember the brave pioneer whose energetic life and tragic death are one of the most romantic episodes of our history.

The subject offers a fine opportunity to a sculptor, for La Salle was a hero in appearance as well as in deeds. It is altogether fitting that our parks should be enriched by statues of men illustrious in our own history, whose fame is associated with the national greatness. Too many of our great men sleep in forgotten graves, while not a city in the land erects a monument to their memory. A public statue, if an artistic representation of a man worthy the honor, is not only a noble tribute, to the dead, it is also a perpetual inspiration to the living, an enduring proof of the utility of high aims, the power of noble deeds.—Chicago Times.

Suicides.

A recent case of great public interest and now of great notoriety, in which the question of self-murder comes up most prominently, directs much general inquiry to the matter of suicide.

It has been said that the idea of self-deseruction has at some time or other presented itself to many persons who would never be thought of in that connection, and a Paris professor once, in lecturing on the subject to a Parisian audience, challenged any person in the assemblage to aver that he or she had never contemplated the probability of committing the act. No contradiction was offered.

Some of the noblest of the ancients committed self-murder when their underkings failed, or to avoid capture by hostile nations. They seldom resorted to it to escape the exposure of their crimes.

The most common cause for suicide among women is the realization that they have been ruined and abandoned by the man to whom they had trusted everything. Nothing is more terrible than this sense of shame aggravated by base desertion. No innocent woman who has been betrayed through her affections can well survive such a blow. But it is a fact that there are three or four times more suicides among men than among women. Women are more religious than men; they are more hopeful; they possess infinitely more fortitude, and when their misfortunes are from no fault of their own, they are far less humiliated and chagrined. Nothing can equal the courage and hopefulness of a good woman in supporting a husband or son who is overwhelmed by misfortune or unmanued by the failure of his plans.

Men, on the contrary, are less spiritual; they are more gross; they are more devoted to material interests and they are more given to an outward show of respectability. A man who has been guilty of a long course of dishonesty without a qualm of conscience will commit suicide at the shame of being found out, especially if the act of exposure should accomplish his pecuniar improverishment. A man who has wrecked his constituton by excesses and debauchery often resorts to self-murder to escape the mysteries of the physical helplessness he has brought upon himself, otherwise he may be entirely willing to live a wretched invalid and a burden to his friends. Men sometimes die for love lost, but women seldom unless they have been basely betrayed. A woman's pride and fortitude will usually bear her up against a heart-sorrow, however keen if there be no humiliating features. The world is full of patient women with unworthy husbands, but they live on and die and make no sign of their wretchedness. Affection glorifies a woman, and is pardonable, even if wrongly bestowed. Lust debases the sex beyond all the disgrace man can reach. Suicide is quite common to the female victim of ill-placed love, but to the creature of lust it is impossible. A woman whose object in life is pleasure and excitement is scarcely capable of self-murder, save as the termination of a long course of indulgence when life offered nothing more.—New Orleans Picayune.

A Rose Family.

This was the way we played the game that we used to call "flower-ladies." We gathered roses with stems about two inches long and set them down on their petals, and any one can see in a minute that they then became beautiful ladies, with tall, slender figures, lovely pink or crimson, satin or velvet, skirts and little green overskirts.

The men were thorns from the hedge, which stood up very nicely when stuck in the ground, or else they were bits of stick; but they were rather stiff and unbending,—were these gentlemen,—and really played a very insignificant part in the flower ladies' households.

The houses in which the ladies lived were of the very simplest architecture; just bits of stick or blades of grass laid together in squares to inclose rooms and halls. A green leaf made a pretty bed, and tiny flat pebbles furnished beautiful chairs. Then a chip served excellently for a grand amhogany table, and upon very small mud-pies, frosted with sand, and mud chocolate-custards, in acorn-cups, and loaves of mud-bread, the flower ladies lived luxuriously.

Our ladies were divided into two families. My sister's family always bore the surname of Grey, and mine was called Graham. The big Solfaterre roses with the thick loose petals were the grandmothers, because they had wide laps for the babies to rest upon. The common damask-roses were nice comfortable mothers, who were careful lest the children should get their feet wet, and always had ready lovely mud-pies for the children when they came home from school.

The *Gloire-de-France* roses were the sweet young aunts, named Mabel, or Irene, and the moss roses and old-fashioned thorn-roses were the ugly-tempered aunts, called Jane or Maria.

There was a rose-bush that bore very long, slender white buds, and one of these buds, because it could n't stand up well, was always a girl named Kate who had hurt her spine. Lying on the orange-leaf sofa, she bore her sufferings with touching fortitude.

Next came the children. The Greys and Grahams had very large families. The picayune-roses came in here, the fullest-blown kind being the eldest girls of about twelve and from these they went down through various ages to the tiny, tiny bud that was the new-born baby rocked to sleep in a velvety rose-leaf, and so sensitive that all the little flower children had to tread lightly for fear of waking her.—Elizabeth Bisland in St. Nicholas.

Politeness to Children.

A child will receive impressions of courtesy from older persons with wondrous alacrity. You may teach a child to be polite, but remove all examples of polite behavior and he will soon forget all he has learned. I know a dear little girl whose mother is always very polite to her, and the child is a noticeable exemple of courtesy to her mother. If you train a child to say "Please excuse me" when he accidently hurts you, or gets in your way, and you forget to ask excuse for yourself, you do not hold the child's respect.

"Please excuse me" makes your peace with some children for all offences.

It is ridiculous the way some people call a child, for instance: "Johnnie, come here." "Johnnie, come here, now!" "John, if you don't come here I shall have to come after you." "Come here, this minute, or I shall give you a whipping."—all in two breaths. On the contrary, how quickly the child runs to her if she calls quietly, "Come here a minute, my boy; I want you."

Let us beware of the evil communications which "corrupt good manners." I have in mind a winsome girl of 16, who is courteous to every one but her mother. Being a near relative, I ventured to ask the reason for such a lack of courtesy. She replied, "I can not be polite to my mother, much as I love her, she is so far from being polite to me. I thought if I ceased being polite to her she would miss it and think about the days when we were so deferential to each other." I felt sorry for Amy and wanted to do something for her, so I suggested that she change her tactics and treat her mother with the utmost courtesy, and likely such a noticeable difference would cause her mother to see her fault—I did not say what was in my mind—would make her ashamed of herself. Allow me to say that the charm worked.

I have just three words to say of Elizabeth Baker Bohan's statements about diamonds for young people: She is right. What is more queenly than a middle-aged matron in black velvet and diamonds? But for young people they are not suitable, except the very wealthy, and then not for young girls. My mother's engagement ring had a solitaire pearl setting, and how appropriate to the modesty and beauty of budding womanhood is the modest pearl! Diamonds always look cheap to me; but pearls, never. I suppose I shall have two-thirds of the people against me.—Adelaide McMillan, in Milwaukee Wisconsin.

THERE is a man in Biddeford, Me., who has whittled so industriously and skilfully for eleven years as to bring himself into notice. Among the products of his jacknife are a violin case made of 2,937 pieces of wood of 106 different kinds; a yoke of oxen and a cart, put together in a glass jar with a small neck, and a great number of really well-made animals that would sell readily as toys. But this Maine genius will not part with any of his creation for love or money, and as he is getting together a large and interesting collection.

NON-RESIDENT NOTICE.

STATE OF INDIANA, Marion County, SS: } In the Superior Court of Marion County, in the State of Indiana.

WILLIAM M. GARVIN, vs Jennie Garvin } No. 39830. Complaint for Divorce.

Be it known, That on the 7th day of August, 1889, the above named plaintiff, by his attorney, filed in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of Marion County, in the state of Indiana, complaint against the above named defendant, Jennie Garvin, and the said plaintiff having also filed in said Clerk's office the affidavit of a competent person, showing that said defendant, Jennie Garvin, is not a resident of the State of Indiana, and that said action is for divorce, and whereas said plaintiff having by endorsement on said complaint repuired said defendant to appear in said Court and answer or demur thereto, on the 7th day of October, 1889.

Now, therefore, By order of said Court, said defendant last above named is hereby notified of the filing and pendency of said complaint against her, and that unless she appear and answer or demur therto, at the calling of said cause on the 7th day of October, 1889, the same being the first judicial day of a term of said Court, to be begun and held at the Court House in the City of Indianapolis, on the first Monday in October, 1889, said complaint and the matters and things therein contained and alleged, will be heard and determined in her absence.

JOHN R. WILSON, Clerk.

JACOB FRANKLIN, Attorney for Plaintiff.

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BASE BALL
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